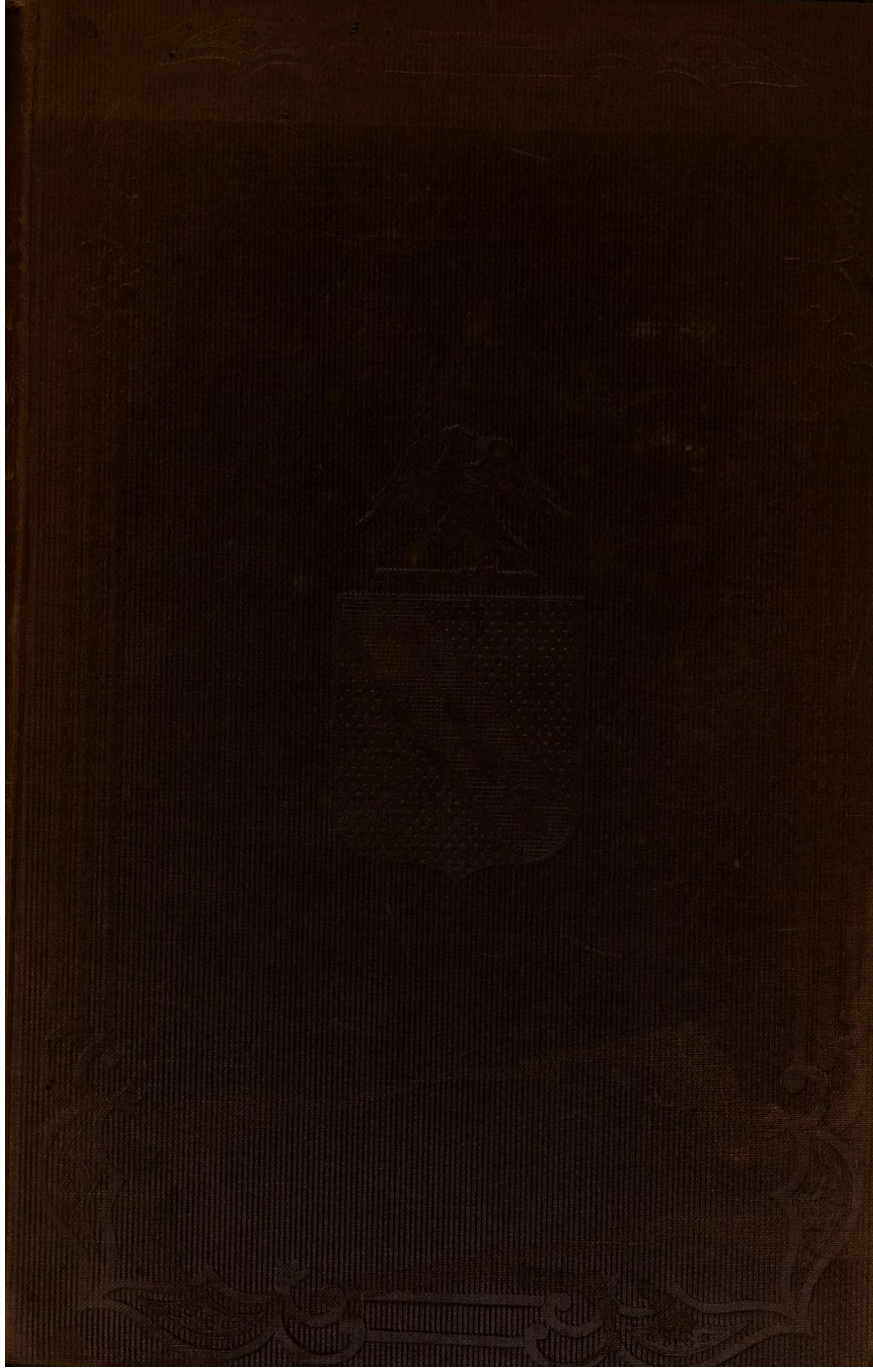




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Shakespeare

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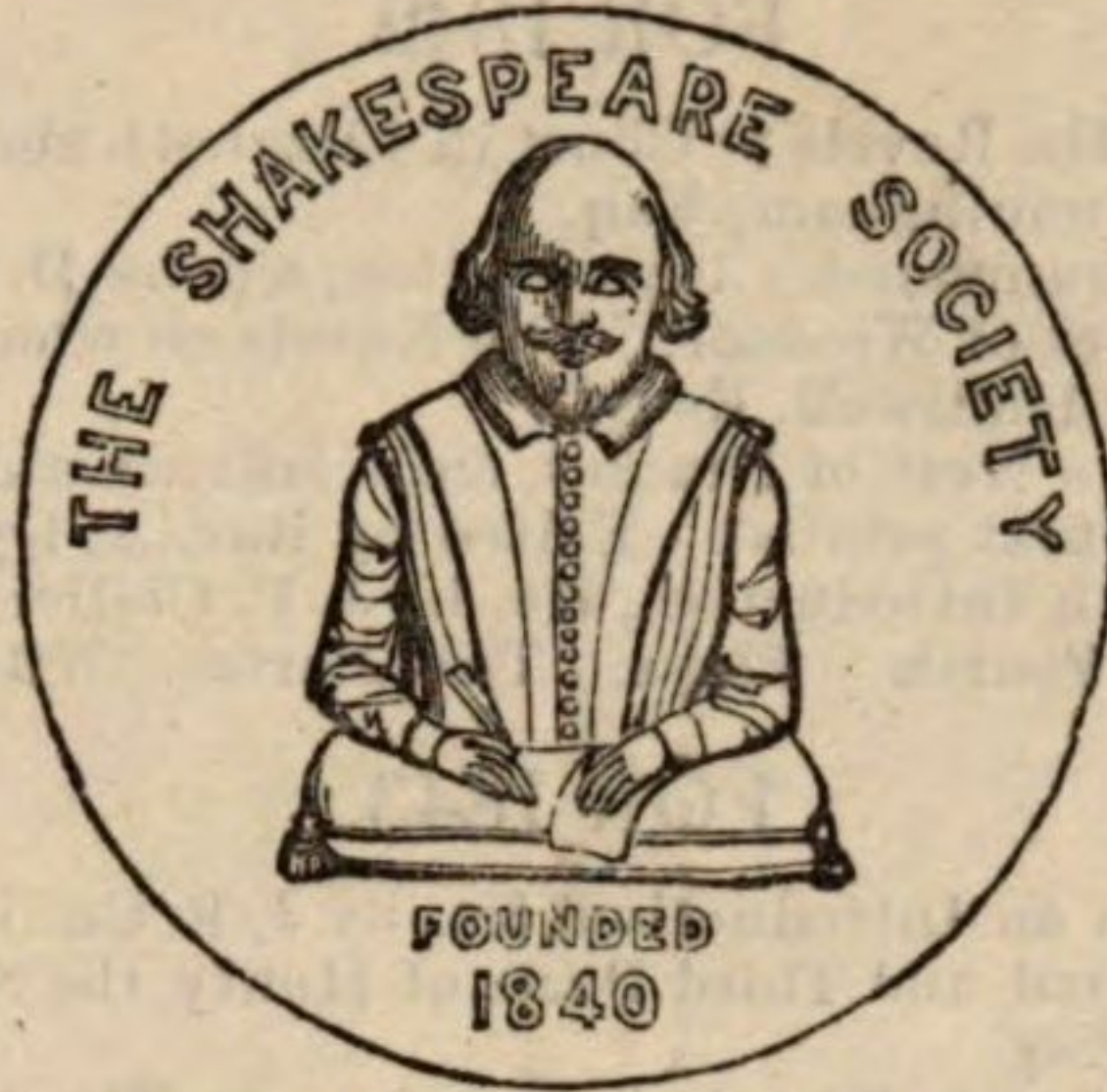
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FOR THE YEAR 1894

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The first part of the report deals with the land in the public domain. It contains a detailed account of the land in the public domain, and of the work done by the General Land Office during the year 1894. It also contains a list of the land in the public domain, and of the work done by the General Land Office during the year 1894.

The second part of the report deals with the land in the hands of the Government. It contains a detailed account of the land in the hands of the Government, and of the work done by the General Land Office during the year 1894. It also contains a list of the land in the hands of the Government, and of the work done by the General Land Office during the year 1894.

The third part of the report deals with the land in the hands of private individuals. It contains a detailed account of the land in the hands of private individuals, and of the work done by the General Land Office during the year 1894. It also contains a list of the land in the hands of private individuals, and of the work done by the General Land Office during the year 1894.

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SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY
OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH,

PRINTED FROM
A CONTEMPORARY MANUSCRIPT.

EDITED BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,
HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.S.A., ETC.

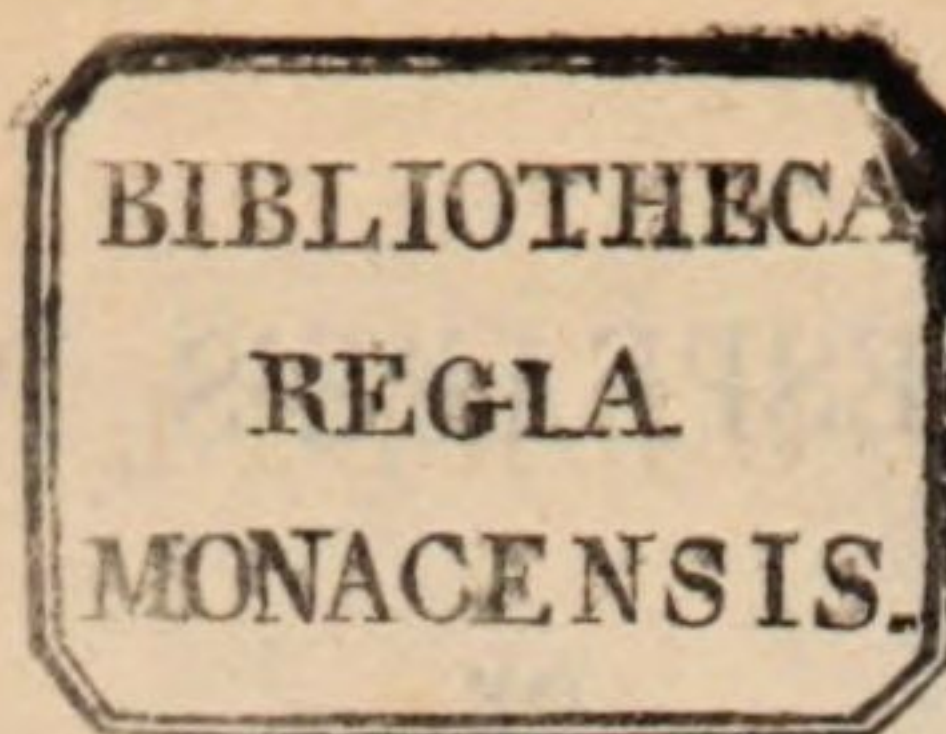
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LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1845.



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INTRODUCTION.

If it were stated that there was preserved in a certain library an unknown manuscript of one of Shakespeare's plays, contemporary, or nearly contemporary, with the time of the author—and if, in addition to this, it were positively asserted that the manuscript was one of no particular value, that it afforded no various readings of any importance, and that it was not in fact worth the trouble of further investigation, such an assurance would not satisfy my curiosity. In an inquiry where a subject so important as the text of the works of Shakespeare was concerned, I repeat that no assurance of the worthlessness of an early manuscript or edition of any of his plays, in their present unsatisfactory state, would be sufficient to convince me of the absolute truth of such an opinion, unless at least it were accompanied with a substantial statement of every particular concerning it, as well as every new reading it possessed, or a copy of the original document; nor do I think that any Shakesperian student of ordinary zeal would be contented

with the limited use an individual might make of such an evidence. We have all been witnesses of the treasures left by reapers of literary antiquities for their followers in the same field, who have not unfrequently gathered a second harvest. This perhaps would not have been the case had the same facilities existed for effectually preserving whole and entire what was too frequently passed over with the rapidity and uncertainty that characterized some of the labours of the older critics; and, where we are compelled to rely on their researches, some of the authorities quoted having disappeared, we have often to regret the impossibility of ascertaining whether they may not have omitted something that would now be considered valuable. To an editor of Shakespeare, earnest in his work, imperfect information on any subject of the kind cannot fail to prove a matter of regret; what is passed over as of no value by one may prove the foundation of another's criticism; and we can hardly be blamed by our successors for endeavouring to make ready to their hands all early testimony respecting the works of our great dramatist, while it is yet in our power to preserve it.

Some considerations of this nature may be necessary to convince the public of the propriety of the course we have adopted in printing entire a document that presents only new readings and variations in a play already in the hands and memory of every reader. It may be said that all useful purposes would have been answered by giving the variations, without reprinting the parts that offer no new features. But, in so doing, we could not well have explained to the reader the general style and

conduct of the manuscript, and those numerous indications of its antiquity which are found in the orthography and other minute particulars difficult to be distinctly described, but which will be recognised by those who are in the habit of examining early records. In addition, we may observe that the actual variations from the received text are so numerous that little space would have been gained by such an arrangement; and this is said without attempting to pass a judgment on the critical value of the manuscript, upon which, in a great measure, depends the importance that may be placed upon its new readings. On this point, we do not anticipate any arguments that may be brought forward. Our object is merely to preserve a faithful copy of what is, as far as is at present known, an unique authority with respect to the plays of Shakespeare.

No early manuscript of any of the plays of Shakespeare has ever been used, or mentioned, by his editors or commentators; nor is there any reason to believe that the existence of a document of the kind was known to them. A manuscript copy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, written during the time of the Commonwealth, is in the possession of the editor of this volume, and had been for some time considered the earliest in existence. Our public libraries may be searched in vain for any MSS. of Shakespeare, although copies of the plays of most of the other principal dramatists of his time are known to be preserved. Is it then surprising that those who attach importance to every early illustration of his writings should consider the discovery of a manuscript, having high claims to be considered a

copy of one of his best dramas, made in the author's own life-time, to be a genuine subject of congratulation and delight?

On the 23rd October, 1844, the Rev. Lambert B. Larking, Vicar of Ryarsh, who has long been engaged, in conjunction with Mr. Streatfield, in preparing materials for a history of Kent, on a very elaborate and extensive scale, then on a visit to Sir Edward Dering, Bart., of Surrenden, was occupied in making some researches among the valuable charters and manuscripts preserved in the muniment-room of that ancient seat, a collection which had been chiefly formed early in the seventeenth century by the first baronet of the family. In one of the chests Mr. Larking discovered the MS. of Henry IV. now printed, and his astonishment at a result so entirely unexpected may well be imagined. He at once perceived how valuable a treasure such a volume was likely to prove to the dramatic antiquary, and no time was lost in communicating the discovery to those who had made the text of the poet a matter of peculiar study. It is a fortunate circumstance that the MS. was found by a scholar whose devotion to the best interests of literature was in no way retarded by the selfishness that pervades the conduct of many antiquaries on similar occasions. There was no desire on his part to consign the precious book again to a corner, nor would he have experienced any gratification in the thought that he only, in all the world, knew where such a rarity was deposited. And yet how often do we observe somewhat similar feelings in those who might reasonably be expected from their position to be entirely free from any

thing of the kind. The Shakespeare Society, in this case, are much indebted to Mr. Larking for placing his discovery at once in their hands; nor are they under less weighty obligations to Sir Edward Dering, for the readiness with which he has permitted the MS. to be printed, a liberality which cannot fail to be highly appreciated by every member of the Society.

Although the whole of the MS. is presented to the reader in the following pages, and by this means every opportunity given for testing its critical value, yet a few observations may be expected, more especially with reference to the reasons that have led to the opinion which has been formed respecting its date. It is scarcely necessary to remark that very few early manuscripts have attached to them the exact dates at which they were transcribed; it was not, in fact, the general practice for scribes to insert such memoranda in the works they thus preserved. It is evident, therefore, that, in many cases where there is a necessity for ascertaining points of this description, recourse must be had to other criteria. Such criteria exist in the form of the characters, in the paper, in the spelling, and even in the colour of the ink. The watermarks in the paper of the Deryng MS. belong to the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and the other criteria to the first half of the reign of her successor. The MS. has been shown to several eminent palæographers, who have assigned its latest date to that period; and the facsimile from the first page of the manuscript will, I feel convinced, bear out this opinion. Absolute evidence is difficult in such cases to be produced. All we can do

in this instance is to prove that the MS. was transcribed before 1644; expressing our hope, at the same time, that few will require positive testimony that it was written many years earlier. The body of the MS. is evidently the work of a person not very conversant with the subject-matter of his labours; the absurd punctuation and many errors are sufficient to show this, and that in all probability he was a mere copyist from some printed book or MS. placed before him. This copy has been corrected in many places by a later hand, which has been distinctly ascertained, by careful comparison made by Mr. Larking, to have been the work of Sir Edward Deryng, the first baronet, who died in 1644; and in further proof of this we give facsimiles of Sir E. Deryng's handwriting, both from this MS. and from an independent document still preserved in the archives of the family. We believe these will be considered good evidence of the identity. The corrections made by Sir E. Deryng are for the most part restorations to the printed text as it is found in the editions of his day, and in one place he has added a marginal note, "vide printed booke," clearly showing that he had collated parts of the MS. with a printed copy then in his hands. In other places he has either added to or erased parts of the original; and his alterations, if they prove nothing else, establish his own claim to a correct poetical taste, however alarmed we may be in these days at anything that approaches an adaptation of Shakespeare's work. We shall see perhaps that some object was to be gained by all this. The MS. does not contain the whole of Shakespeare's

Fac-Simile of Sir E. Deryng's Hand-writing, from a Manuscript in the Archives of the Family.

10. Jan: being Saturday 1624. at 6.25. at Sixe of 12 clocke at night, at wintehall
in y^e Duke of Buckingham's lodgings I married Anne Ashboenharn
third Da: of sr, Jo: Ashboenharn late of Ashboenharn but.

Fac-Simile of Sir E. Deryng's Hand-writing, from the Shakespeare Manuscript:

From Palestine
The ~~hand~~ ^{eye} ~~affixing~~ ^{hath} ~~expend~~ of y^e hope
will pluck ite oute of oyle. and then
humbling ^{by word} ~~the~~ ^{forward} ~~pride~~ to the Englishman
with labour and with honore we'll ~~fill~~ ^{fill} ~~the~~ ^{the} hour
A sweating hantzell feamy of y^e brayd East
And plant inew iems in ~~steep~~ ^{steep} ~~English~~ ^{English} ~~over~~ ^{over}
we'll pitch our heronies at y^e ~~former~~ ^{former} ~~v~~ ^v ~~prize~~ ^{prize}
and sell our felar over a glorious ~~pre~~ ^{pre} ~~pre~~ ^{pre}.

Henry IV., but the two parts condensed into one, and, as we may presume, for the purpose of representation. In some instances, also, the number of the *dramatis personæ* is ingeniously diminished so as to suit a smaller corps of performers. The name of the person who was engaged in this adaptation will perhaps remain a mystery, but the transformation is managed with sufficient dexterity to warrant the conjecture that it was the work of a hand not altogether inexperienced in such matters. The facts above stated leave little room for supposition that it was Sir E. Deryng himself; and indeed the variations, in almost every respect, are so numerous, that we can hardly believe the MS. was transcribed from any corrected printed edition. At all events, we cannot discover any which contains them. If the adapter was a player, there seems to be no preponderating reason why the MS. should not originally have been the property of one of the metropolitan theatres, and have been prepared for the use of such an establishment. It is well known that the practice of altering plays in all imaginable ways was of common occurrence in Shakespeare's time. In Henslowe's Diary, we read of dramatic authors being paid for "mending" the works of their contemporaries, and this may be one of the few specimens that have been preserved of their powers of emendation.

If it should be asked how it happened that Sir Edward Deryng, who took so distinguished a part in the public affairs of his time, should have been at the pains to collate this copy of Henry IV. with the printed edition, we must beg part of the inquiry by

stating the probability that such an occupation could only have engaged his attention at an earlier period of his career. We have, however, a complete answer in the fact that private theatricals flourished at Surrenden. On a slip of paper, in the MS. of Henry IV., is the following list of *dramatis personæ* in the "Spanish Curate," with the caste of characters by gentlemen well known as belonging to families of distinction in Kent:—

Leandro . . .	S ^r Tho. Wotton
Octauio . . .	S ^r Warrhm S ^t Leger
Bartolvs . . .	S ^r Edw : Dering
James . . .	Robt. Heywood
Henrique . . .	Edw : Dering
Lopez . . .	Tho : Slender
Deigo . . .	Mr Donne
Assistent . . .	Jhon Dering
——— . . .	Mr Kemp.

This is in Sir E. Deryng's handwriting, and in another column he has written another list for the same characters in the following order:—"Frances Manouch, Thom : Slender, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Donne, Jhon Deryng, Jhon Carlile, Thom : Deryng, Jacke of y^e buttery, Anthõy Deryng, Georg Perd." This list must have been written between the year 1626, when Deryng was created a baronet, and 1630, the year of Wotton's decease. About that period, therefore, it is probable that Deryng procured the MS. of Henry IV., and from the trouble he has bestowed upon it, we may be allowed to conclude that he intended it for private representation. It will be observed that it contains nearly the whole of the First, and a small portion of

the Second Part, the arrangement of the acts and scenes being made to suit the adaptation in the following order:—

*Deryng Manuscript.**Printed editions.*

Act i.	Sc. 1.	.	.	.	Act i. Sc. 1.	Part 1.
	Sc. 2.	.	.	.	Act i. Sc. 2.	
	Sc. 3.	.	.	.	Act i. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 4.	.	.	.	Act i. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 5.	.	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 2.	
	Sc. 6.	.	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 2.	
Act ii.	Sc. 1.	.	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 2.	.	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 4.	
	Sc. 3.	.	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 4.	
Act iii.	Sc. 1.	.	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 1.	
	Sc. 2.	.	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 2.	
	Sc. 3.	.	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 4.	.	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 5.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 1.	
	Sc. 6 and 7	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 2 and 3.	
	Sc. 8.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 3.	
Act iv.	Sc. 1.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 1.	
	Sc. 2.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 2.	
	Sc. 3.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 4.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 5.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 4.	
	Sc. 6.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 4.	
	Sc. 7.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 4.	
	Sc. 8.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 5.	
	Sc. 9.	.	.	.	Act i. Sc. 1.	Part 2.
	Sc. 10.	.	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 1.	
Act v.	Sc. 1.	.	.	.	Act ii. Sc. 3.	
	Sc. 2.	.	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 1.	
	Sc. 3.	}	.	.	Act iii. Sc. 1.	
	Sc. 4.	}	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 4.	
	Sc. 5.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 4.	

Act v. Sc. 6.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 4.
Sc. 7.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 4.
Sc. 8.	.	.	.	Act iv. Sc. 4.
Sc. 9.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 2.
Sc. 10.	.	.	.	Act v. Sc. 2.

Believing that the student will consider a minute collation of the MS. with the printed edition no unpleasant task, it will scarcely be necessary to enter on the subject with very great exactness; and yet there are a few variations that have occurred as affording happy emendations which may deserve a passing notice. It has been already remarked that it is not our wish to pronounce an opinion on the critical value of the manuscript, preferring to leave that question rather for those whose experience and judgment render their decisions of more authority. But we must be careful not to allow the self-evident errors of the MS. to weigh against the authority of the good readings it possesses. When we consider that it is the work of a professed scribe, this alone is sufficient to account for mere clerical errors, which, after all, testify to the integrity of the text; and it is most unlikely such a person would have introduced so many variations on his own authority. In some places, additional sentences and several lines are found not belonging to any known edition of Shakespeare's play. We are not, however, to conclude that these additions proceeded from Shakespeare's pen. If they did not, and if the critical value of the MS. is disputed, it still is unquestionably a volume of great curiosity in the absence of any other relic of a similar kind.

ACT I. Sc. 1. (Part 1.)

No more the thirsty *entrance* of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.

For *entrance* some of the editors would read *Erinnys*. Shakespeare here uses the term for *mouth*. The MS. has *bosom*, and reads the lines very differently. See p. 3. There seems to be no necessity for any alteration, but the reading of the MS. is curious and worthy of consideration.

ACT I. Sc. 1. (Part 1.)

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
 To chase these pagans *in* those holy fields.

The MS. reads "*from* those holy fields." The object of the crusaders was to gain possession of the Holy Land, to chase the pagans *from*, not *in*, the "holy fields."

ACT I. Sc. 3. (Part 1.)

And hid his *crisp* head in the hollow-bank.

The MS. reads *crispy*, which sounds less harsh, though not so strictly metrical. The word is here used in the sense of *wavy*, not exactly *curled*. See Holme's Academy of Armory, 1688, ii., 463; "a *curled* hair is when a lock of hair turns round and round in itself; a *crisped* hair is when it lyeth in a kind of wave." Compare the Merchant of Venice, iii., 2, "crisped snaky golden locks."

ACT II. SC. 4. (Part 1.)

Fals. The same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same.

The MS. makes Poins answer, “*Owen* Glendower,” and it is easy to see this must be the correct reading from Falstaff’s answer. The error is one easily made, initials being constantly written for Christian names. Besides, an exclamation from Poins would be out of place. All modern editors read “*That* same mad fellow,” but are supported by no early authority.

ACT III. SC. 2. (Part I.)

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and *rash bavin* wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt.

The editors tell us that *bavin* is brushwood, and the word, though a strange one to be thus introduced, may be warranted by the next line; but perhaps some may prefer the reading of our MS. “rash brain’d wits.”

ACT III. SC. 1. (Part 2.)

—Then, happy, low lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

This is the arrangement of these lines in the MS., and appears preferable to “low-lie-down,” as sometimes printed, or, “happy low, lie down,” the meaning of which is not very intelligible. The passage is not

more obscure than many in Shakespeare. In prose it might be interpreted, "Then lie down low, being happy, for uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

There are many other variations that would probably lead to much discussion, but we purposely refrain from entering upon them at present, merely premising that much caution and attentive deliberation should precede the rejection of readings hitherto received as settled and of good authority. Enough has already been said to convince the reader that there has been no desire on our part to enhance the value of the MS. beyond what so unique a curiosity really deserves; at the same time, we cannot conceal our anxious hope that it may meet with attention from those who have made the text of Shakespeare and the history of his writings a matter of study. It is almost unnecessary to remark that, owing to the activity of the press, MSS. are daily becoming of less value, so that discoveries like the present are necessarily of rare occurrence, and perhaps the day is not far distant when nearly everything of real value in MS. will have been given to the public. It is believed that this publication will be considered as subscribing its humble effort towards a result so "devoutly to be wished."

Before these brief observations are brought to a close, it may be as well to mention, and perhaps indeed the admission becomes necessary for the sake of candour, that one exception to the general opinion regarding the age of the Deryng Manuscript has occurred in the belief of an antiquary, whose name I am not sure is permitted to be inserted in support of his singular

views in this matter, but who is inclined to assign the writing to the time of Charles II. That such an opinion must at least have been formed on an imperfect knowledge of original documents of the seventeenth century, even admitting the supposition that we had not conclusive evidence the MS. must have been written long previously, I confidently refer to the facsimiles here given in support of my case to those who have no opportunity of consulting the precious volume itself; and I feel no hesitation whatever in saying that no writing of the time of Charles II. can be produced which bears the same characteristics. It is fortunate we possess good evidence in support of its antiquity, for antiquaries have inferred too many wrong conclusions from indifferent premises for their opinions to be considered of much authority with the public; and, indeed, with regard to manuscripts, their age and progress, results have been deduced that would generally be regarded unwarrantable. It is to be hoped that such errors have here been avoided, and that more regard has been paid to utility than mere antiquarian curiosity.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

17th March, 1845.

King Henry the Fourth, a manuscript of the time of James I.
fol.

The unique manuscript, from which the following text is printed, is a small folio volume on paper, slightly stitched and unbound, measuring $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $7\frac{3}{4}$, and written apparently by a scribe, in the handwriting most common at the commencement of the seventeenth century. It contains 55 leaves, exclusive of three fly leaves. On one of the fly leaves is found the mark "A 5," indicating perhaps the pressmark of the MS., which has various alterations and insertions in the handwriting of Sir Edward Deryng, the first baronet of that name. Pains have been taken to present the reader with a faithful copy of the original, and with this view the foot-notes will be found to refer exclusively to the state of the text as given in this manuscript.

Shall wash her with his blood, her crown shall be his blood.

No more shall marching wars befall her children,

Her crown her sword shall with y^e armed booke

Of hostile peace. These oppos'd eyes,

Which like y^e mist of a troubled bottom,

All of one nature, of one substance breed,

¹ Deryng has transposed the position of "S^r Walter Blunt" and "King Henry," and added the word "here" after Lancaster.

² Instead of the part within brackets, Deryng has written "search
out."

³ Originally with

THE HISTORY

OFF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT: I^{us}.—SCÆN: 1^a.

Enter JHON *E.* of LANCASTER, Sr WALTER BLUNT, *King*
*HENRY, and Attendance.*¹

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of [new broiles
To be cōmenc't in stronds afarre remote.²]
No more y^e thirsty bosome of this land
Shall wash her selfe in³ her owne childrens bloud.
No more shall trenching warre channell her feildes,
Nor bruise her flowretts with y^e armed hoofes
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like y^e meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bredd,

¹ Deryng has transposed the position of "Sr Walter Blunt" and "King Henry," and added the word "bare" after *Lancaster*.

² Instead of the part within brackets, Deryng has written "sweete rest."

³ Originally *with*.

Did lately meete in y^e intestine shooke
 And furious close of ciuill butchery,
 Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes,
 March all one way : and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
 The edge of warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cutt his master. Therefore freindes
 Forthwith a power of English shall we leuy,
 Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombes,¹
 To chase these Pagans from those holy feildes,
 And force proude Mahomett from Palestine.
The high aspiring crescent of y^e Turk
Wee'll pluck into a lower orbe. And then
Humbling her borrowed pride to th' English lyon,
With labour a[n]d with honour wee'll fetch here
A sweating laurell from y^e glori^{us} East
And plant new iēms on royall Englands² crowne.
Wee'll pitch our honours att y^e sonnes vprise
And sell ourselves or winn a glorious prize.³
 But this our purpose now is twelue-month's old,
 And bootelesse 'tis to tell you we will go.
 Therefore we meete not now. Then lett me heare
 Of you my gentle⁴ sonne of Lancaster,
 What yesternight our counsell did decree,
 In forwardinge this deere expedience.

Lanc. My lieg, this hast was hott in question
 And many limitts of the charg sett downe,
 But yesternight when all athwart there came

¹ This line has been erased.

² Perhaps this should be "Englands royall," but I leave it as it is in the original.

³ These eight lines, printed in Italics, are added on a slip of paper in Deryng's handwriting.

⁴ Originally *noble*.

A post from Wales, laden with heauy newes
 Whose worst was : that the noble Mortimer
 Leading the men of Herdfordsheere to fight
 Against th' irregular and wild Glendower
 Was by the rude handes of that Welchman taken
 A thousand of his people butchered
 Vpon whose dead corps there was such misevse
 Such beastly shameles transeformaçõn
 By those Welch-women don : as may not be
 (Without much shame) retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidinges of this broyle
 Brake off our buisines for the Holy Land

Lanc. This matcht with other-like (my gracious lord)
 Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
 Came from the North : and thus it did report
 On Holy-roode-day : the gallant Hotspur there
 Young Harry Percy : and braue Archibald
 That euer valiant & aproued Scote
 At Holmedon met : where they did spend
 A sad & bloody hower :
 As by discharge of there artillary
 And shape of likelihood. the newes was told
 For he that brought them in the verry heate
 And prid of their contention did tak horse
 Vncertaine of the issue any way :

King. Here is a deare & true industrious friend
 Sir Walter Blunt : New lighted from his horse
 Straind with the variation of each soyle
 Betwixt that Holmedon : & this seat of ours
 And he hath brought vs smoth & welcome newes
 The Earle of Dowglas is discomfited
 Ten thowsand bold Scots : two & twenty knights
 Balkt in their owne blood did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedons playnes : of prisoners Hotspur tooke
 Mordake Earle of Fife & eldest sonne

To beaten Dowglas & the Earle of Atholl
Of Murrey : Angus : and Menteith
And is not this an honourable spoyle ?

A gallant prize : ha. Blunt¹ is it not ? in faith it is

Blunt. A conquest for a prince to boast of :

King. Yea : there thou mak'st me sad : & mak'st me sinne
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a sonne :
A sonne, who is the theame of honoures tongue,
Amongst a groue : the very straightest plant
Who is sweet fortunes minion & her pride
Whilst I by lookeing on the praise of hime
See riot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my young Harry : O that it could be prou'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle clothes our children where they lay
And cal'd myne Percy : his Plantagenet
Then would I haue his Harry and he myne
But let hime from my thoughts : what think yow Blunt
Of this young Percies prid : the prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surpris'd
To his owne vse he keepes, & sends me word
I shall haue none : but Mordake Earle of Fife

Blunt. This is his vnckles teaching : this is Worsester
Maleuolent to yow in all respects
Which makes hime prune himeselfe & bristle vp
The crest of youth : against yow^r dignity.

King. But I haue sent for hime to answeare this
& for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem
On Wednesday next our counsell we will hold
At Winsor, so informe the lords
But come yow^r selfe with speed to us agayne

¹ Originally *Coosen*.

For more is to be said & to be done

Then out of anger can be vttered.

Blunt. I will, my liege.

Exeunt.

ACT: 1.—SCÆN: 2^{da}.

Enter Prince of WALES & Sr JOHN FALSTAFFE.

Falst. Now Hall: what time of daie is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fatt-witted with drinkinge of old sacke and vnbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon benches After noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truely knowe. what a deuill hast thou to doe with the time of the daie, vnles howers weare cups of sacke, and minites capons, & clockes the tongues of bawdes & diall the signes of leaping houses, & the blessed sunne himeselfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata. I see noe reason whie thou shouldest be superfluous to demand the time of the daie.

Falst. Indeed yow^w come neere me Hall, for we that take purses, goe by the moone & seauen stares: & not by Phebus he that wandring knight so faire: and I preethee sweet wagge when thou art king, as God saue thie grace: Maiestie I should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prin. What none?

Fals. Noe by my troth. not so much as will serue to be prologue to an egge & butter.

Prin. Well how then. Com. roundly, roundly.

Fals. Mary then sweet wagge, when thou art kinge: let not us that ar squires of the nights bodie, be called theeues of the daies beauty: lett vs be Dianaes forresters, gentlemen of the shade minions of the moone: & lett men saie, we be men of good gouerment; being gouerned as the sea is by our noble *and chast*¹ mistris the moone, vnder whose countenance we steale:

¹ *And chast.* These words are in Deryng's handwriting.

Prin. Thou sayest well: & it holds well too: for the fortune of us y^t are the moones men, doth ebbe & flow like the sea being goerned as the sea is by the moone: as for prooffe now a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Mondaie night: and most desolutely spent on Tusdaie morninge got w^t sweareing: lay by: & spent with crying bring in now in as low an ebbe as the foote of *y^e ladder*,¹ & by and by in as high a flow as the ridg of the gallowes.

Fals. By the Lord thou saiest true lad, & is not my hostis of the tauerne a most sweet wench.

Prin. As the hony of Hibla my old lad of the castle: and is not a buffe jerkein a most sweet robe of durance.

Fals. How now: how now mad wagge what in thie quips and thie quidities, what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe jerkine.

Prin. Whie what a pox haue I to doe w^t my hostesse of the tauerne.

Fals. Well: thou hast cald her to a reckon[i]ng many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to paie thie part

Fals. No Ill giue thee thie due: thou hast paid all there

Prin. Yea and else where: so long as my coyne would stretch and where it would not I haue vs'd my credit.

Fals. Yea & so vsd it that weare it not here aparant that thou art heire aparant, *thou wouldst be trusted no more*,² but I prethee sweet wagge shall there be gallowes standing in England when thou art king & resolution thus fubd as it is with the curb of old father Antick the law: doe not thou when thou art a king hang a theife

Prin. Noe. thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I: O rare. by the Lord Ile be a braue judge.

¹ The words in Italics are added in the margin, in Deryng's handwriting.

² The sentence in Italics is an addition in Deryng's handwriting.

Prin. Thou judgest false already : I meane thou shalt haue the hangeing of the theeues : & also become a rare hangman.

Fals. Well. Hall. well, & in some sort it jumpes with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell yow.

Prin. For obtayning of sutes.

Fals. Yea for obtayninge of suts whereof the hangman hath noe leane wardrop : zblood I am as malancholy as a gib'd cat ; or a lugd beare.

Prin. Or an old lione, or a louers lute.

Fals. Yea or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe

Prin. What sayest thou to a hare, or the malancholy of Moore-ditch

Fals. Thou hast the most vnsauory similes, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascaldest sweet young prince but Hall : I prethee trouble me no more w^t vanity : I would to God thou & I knew where a comodity of good names weare to be bought : An old lord of the counsell rated me the other daie in the street about yow Sir, but I markt hime not : & yet he talkt very wisely : but I regarded hime not : & yet he *talkt wisely*,¹ and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well, but if thou hadst preferd hime to a pulpett thou hadst done better.

Fals. O thou hast damnable iteration & art indeed able to corrupt a saynt : thou hast don much harmme vnto me Hall : God forgiue thee for it. before I knew thee Hall I knew nothing : & now am I : if a man should speake truly : little better then on of the wicked : I must giue ouer this life : & I will giue it ouer : by the Lord & I doe not I am a villaine. Ile be damned for neuer a kings sonne in Christedome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow. Jacke :

Fals. Zounds wheare thou wilt Lad : Ile make on & I doe not : call me villaine, and baffell me.

¹ Originally "verry wisely talkt," but altered as in the text by Sir E. Deryng.

Prin. I see a good amendment of lyfe in thee from praying to purstakeing.

Fals. Whie Hall, tis my vocation Hall: 'tis no sinne for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter POINES.

Prin. Good morrow Ned.

Poines. Good morrow sweet Hall: what sayes Monsier remorse: what saies Sr John Sack & suger: Jacke how agrees the diuell & thee about thie soule that thow souldst hime one Good Fridaie last: for a cup of Madera and a cold capons legge.

Prin. Sr John stands to his word: the diuell shall haue his bargaine for he was yet neuer a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poines. Thē art thou damnd for keeping thie word w^t the diuell.

Prin. Else he had bine damnd for cosening the diuell.

Poyn. But my lads my lads, by to morrow morning by fower a clock early at Gads hill: there ar pillgrimes goeing to Canterbury w^t rich offerings & traders riding to London w^t fatt purses: I haue vizards for yo^w all: yo^w haue horses for yow^r selues. I haue bespoke supper to morrow night in Eastcheap: we may doe it as secure as sleep: if yo^w will goe I will stufte yow^r purses full of crownes if yo^w will not tarry at home & be hang'd.

Fals. Heare ye Edward: if I tarry at home & goe not, Ille hang yo^w for goeing.

Poyn. Yow will Chops.

Fals. Hall wilt thow make on.

Prin. Who. I rob, I a theefe, not I by my faith.

Fals. Theres neither honesty manhood nor good-fellow-shipe in thee: nor thow camest not of the bloud royall if thow darest not stand for ten-shillings.

Prin. Well then: once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fals. Why that's well said.

Prin. Well come what will come, Ile tarry at home.

Fals. By the Lord Ile be traytor then when thow art king.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir John I prethee leaue the prince & me alone: I will lay hime downe such reasons for this aduenture that he shall goe.

Fals. *Well God giue thee the spirit of perswasion & hime the eares of proffiting that what thou speakest may moue & what he heares may be beleued that the*¹ true prince (may for recreation sake) proue a false theefe: for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell yo^w shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prin. Farewell the latter springe: farewell Allhallowne summer. *Exit.*²

Poyn. Now my good sweet hony lord, ride with us to morrow I haue a jest to execute that I cannot mañage alone. Falstalffe, Harvay, Peto and Bardolff shall rob those men y^t we haue already waylaide yow^r selfe & I will not be there and when they haue the booty: if yo^w & I doe not rob them cut this head from my shoulders: and sirra I haue cases of buckorum for the nonce to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be to hard for vs.

Poyn. Well for two of them I know two of them to be as true-bred cowards as euer turn'd backe, & for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason Ile forswear armes: the vertue of this jest wilbe the incomprehensible lyes that this fatt rogue will tell vs when we meet at supper: how thirty at least he fought with: what wards: what blowes: what extremities he indured & in the reproofe of this lyes the jest.

Prin. Well Ile goe with thee puid us all things necessary

¹ Deryng has scratched through the part in italics, and substituted for it the words, "Well, Hall, the——"

² This direction is in Deryng's handwriting.

and meett me to morrow night in Eastcheap : there Ile suppe.
farewell.

Poyn. Farewell my lord. *Exit POYNES.*

Prin. I know yo^w all and will a while vphold
The vnyoakt humor of yow^r idlenes
Yet herein will I imitate the sunne
Who doth pmitt the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beauty from the world
That when he please agayne to be himeselfe
Being wanted ; he may be more wondred at
By breakeing through the foule & vgly mists
Of vapors that did seeme to strangle hime
If all the yeare weare playinge Holy-daies
To sport would be as tedious as to worke
But when they seldome come : they wisht for come
And nothings pleaseth but rar accidents
So when this loose behauour I throw off
& paie the debt I neuer pmised
By how much better then my word I ame
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes
& like bright mettall on a sullen ground
My reforma^õn glittering ore my fault
Shall shew more godly : and attract more eyes
Then that which hath noe soyle to sett it off.
Ile so offend to make offence a skill
Redeeming time when men think least I will. *Exit.*

ACT. Iⁱ : — SCÆN : 3^{tia}.

*Enter the King,*¹ NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR,
S^r WALTER BLUNT, *with others.*

King. My bloud hath bine too cold and temperate

¹ After this "Lancaster" was originally written, but some one, probably Deryng, has erased it.

Vnapt to stirre at these indignities
 And yo^w haue found me. for accordingly
 Yo^w treād vpon my patience: but be sure
 I will from henceforth rather be my selfe
 Mightie & to be feard: then my condiçon
 Which hath beene smoth as oyle: soft as young downe
 And therefore lost that title of respect
 Which the proud soule nere prayes but to the proud

Worce. Our howse (my soueraigne leige) little deserues
 The scourge of greatnes to be vsed on it
 And that same greatnes too: which our owne hands
 Haue holpe to make so portly

Nor. My lord

King. Worcester gett thee gone: for I doe see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye
 O, Sr yow^r presents is to bould & peremtory
 And maiesty might neuer yet indure
 The moody frontier of a seruant browe
 Yo^w haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
 Yow^r vse & counsell, we shall send for yo^w.

Exit WORCESTER.

Yo^w weare about to speake

Nor. Yea my good lord
 Those prisoners in yow^r highnes name demanded
 Which Harry Percey here at Holmedon toke
 Weare as he saies: not with such strength denied
 As he deliuered to yow^r Maiesty:
 Either envy therefore, or misprision
 Is guilty of this fault and not my sonne

Hotsp. My Leige I did deny noe prisoners
 But I remember when the fight was done
 When I was dry with rage and extreame toyle
 Breathles and faint: Leaning vpon my sword
 Came there a certayne lord: neat & trimely drest
 Fresh as a bridgroomme: & his chine new reapt

Shewed like a stubble land: at harvest home
He was perfumed like a milliner
And twixt his fingers and his thumb he held
A pouncet box: w^{ch} euer & anon
He gaue his nose: & tooke away agayne
Who therewith angry. when it next cam there
Tooke it in snuffe: & still he smild & talkt
& as the soldiers bore dead bodyes by
He cald them vntaught knaues: vnmañerly
To bring a slovenly vnhand-som coarse
Betwixt the wind & his nobillity
With many holly-dayes: & Lady termes
He questioned me: among the rest demanded
My prisoners in yow^r Maiesties behalfe
I then, all smarting w^t my wounds being cold
To be so pestered w^t a popengay
Out of my greefe & my impatience
Answered neglectingly, I know not what
He should: or he should not: for he made me mad
To see hime shinne so brisk & smell so sweet
& talke so like a waighting gentlewoman
Of guns & drums & wounds: God saue the marke
& telling me the soueraignest thing on earth
Was parmacity for an inward bruse
& that it was great pittie: so it was
This villanous saltpeter should be diggd
Out of the bowells of the harmelesse earth
W^{ch} many a good tall fellow had destroyd
So cowardly: & but for these vile guns
He would haue beene himeselfe a soldier
This bald vnjoynd chat of his. (my lord)
I answered indirectly (as I said)
And I beseech yo^w lett not this report
Com currant for an accusation
Betwixt my loue: & yow^r high maiesty:

*Lanc.*¹ The circumstance considered : good my lord
 What ere Harry Percy then had said
 To such a person : and in such a place :
 At such a time : w^t all the rest retold
 May reasonably dye : & neuer rise
 To doe hime wrong : or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he vnsaye it now :

King. Whie yet he doth deny his prisoners
 But w^t puiso & exception
 That we at our owne charg shall ransome straight
 His brother in law, the folish Mortimer
 Who in my soule hath willfully betraid
 The liues of those that he did leade to fight
 Agaynst the great magitian damned Glendower
 Whose daughter as we heare : the Earle of March
 Hath lately married : shall our coffers then
 Be emptied to redeem a traytor home :
 Shall we buy treason : & indent w^t feares
 Whē they haue lost & fortified themselues
 No on the barren mountaine let hime sterue
 For I shall neuer hold that man my friend
 Whose tongue shall aske me for on peñy cost
 To ransome home revolted Mortimer :

Hot. Revolted Mortimer
 He neuer did fall off : my soueraigne leige
 But by the chance of warre, to proue that true
 Needs noe more but on tongue, for all those wounds
 Those mouthed wounds : w^{ch} valiantly he tooke
 When on the gentle Seuerns siedged banke
 In single opposition : hand to hand
 He did confound the best part of an hower

¹ Originally "Blunt." This is the beginning of a page in the MS., but the catchword was originally *Lancaster*, and afterwards altered to *Blunt*.

In changeing hardiment w^t great Glendower
 Three times they breathd : & three times did they drinke
 Vpon agreement of swift Severns flood
 Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes
 Ran fearefully among the trembling reeds
 & hid his crise-pe head in the hollow banke
 Blood-stained w^t these valiant combatans
 Neuer did bare and rotten pollicy
 Colour her workeing w^t such deadly wounds
 Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
 Receiue so many : & *all*¹ willingly
 Then lett not hime be slandred w^t revolt.

King. Thou dost bely hime Percey : thow dost bely hime
 He never did encounter with Glendower
 I tell thee he durst as well haue mett the diuell alone
 As Owen Glendower for an enymie
 Art thou not asham'd : but Sirra : henceforth
 Let me not heare yo^w speake of Mortimer
 Send me yow^r prisoners w^t the speediest meanes :
 Or yo^w shall heare in such a kind frome me
 As will displease yo^w : my lord Northumberland
 We lycence yow^r departure w^t yow^r sonne :
 Send vs yow^r prisoners, or yo^w will heare of it.

[*Exit* KING, LANC. & BLUNT.²

ACT : Iⁱ : SCÆ : 4^{ta}.

Hot. And if the diuell come & roare for them
 I will not send them, I will after straight
 And tell hime so, for I will ease my hart
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What, drunke with choler, stay & pause awhile

¹ This was originally *so*.

² "Lanc. & Blunt" is added in Deryng's handwriting.

*Enter WORCESTER.*¹

Here comes yow^r vncle.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer :

Zounds I will speake of hime, & let my soule

Want mercy if I doe not joyne w^t hime

Yea on his part Ile empty all these veynes

& shed my deere blood ; drop by drop i^th dust

*But I will lift y^e downe-trodd Mortimer*²

As high in' th ayer, as this vnthankefull kinge

As this ingrate & cankred Bullingbrooke.

Nor. Brother, the king hath made yow^r nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heat vp after I was gone.

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners

& when I vrg'd the ransome once agayne

Of my wiues-brother, then his cheeke lookt pale

& one my face he turn'd an eye of death

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame hime, was he not proclaym'd

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood.

Nor. He was, I heard the pcla^mcon

& then it was, when the vnhappy kinge

(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did sett forth

Vpon his Irish expedition

From whence he intercepted did returne

To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

Wor. & for whose death : we in the worlds wide-mouth

Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.

Hot. But soft I pray yo^w, did king Richard then

pclayme my brother Mortimer

Heire to the crowne.

Nor. He did, myselfe did heare it :

¹ This direction is in Deryng's handwriting. The original scribe placed it seven lines lower, where it has been erased.

² This line is added in Deryng's handwriting.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his coosen king
 That wisht hime on the barren mountaynes starue
 But shall it be, that yo^w that sett the crowne
 Vpon the head of this forgettfull man
 And for his sake weare the detested blot
 Of murtherous subornation, shall it bee
 That yo^w a world of curses vndergoe
 Being the agents, or base second meanes
 The cords, the ladder, or the hange-man rather
 (O pardon if that I descend so low
 To shew the lyne ; & the predicament
 Wherein yow rang vnder this subtill kinge)
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies
 Or fill vp cronicles in time to come
 That men of yow^r nobillity and power
 Did gage them both in an vnjust behalfe
 (As both of yo^w God pardon it haue done
 To put downe Richard that sweet louely rose
 And plant this thorne : this canker Bullingbrooke
 & shall it in more shame be further spoken
 That yo^w ar fool'd, discarded, & put off
 By hime for whom these shames ye vnder-went
 No, yett time serues wherein yo^w may redeem
 Yow^r banisht honours : & restore yow^r selues
 Into the good thoughts of the world agayne
 Reveng the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud king, who studies day & night
 To answeare all the debt he owes yo^w
 Even w^t the bloody paimentt of yow^r deathes
 Therefore I say :—

Wor. Peace coosen, saie noe more
 And now I will vnclasp a secret booke
 And to yow^r quick-conceaueing discontents
 Ile read yo^w matter deep & dangerus
 As full of perrill & aduenterous spirit

As to o're-walke a current roring lowd
On the vnsteadfast footeing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinck, or swiſne
Send danger from the east vnto y^e west
So Honour crose it from the north to south
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres
To rouse a lyon: then to start a hare.

Nor. Iṃagination of some great exploit
Driues hime beyond the bounds of patience

Hot. By Heauen methinkes it weare an easie leape
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd moone
Or diue into the bottom of the deepe
Where fadome-lyne could neuer touch the grownd
And pluck vp drowned honer by the lockes.
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
W^tout corriuall all her dignityes
But out apou this false fact fellowship

Wor. He aprehends a world of figures here
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good coosen giue me audience for a while

Hot. I cry yo^w mercy

Wor. Those same noble Scots y^t ar yow^r prisoners

Hot. Ile keepe them all
By God he shall not haue a Scott of them.
No: if a Scott would saue his soule he shall not:
Ile keepe them: by this hand:

Wor. Yo^w start away
And lend noe eare vnto my purposes
Those prisoners yo^w shall keepe

Hot. Nay I will. that's flat:
He said he would not ransome Mortimer
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer:
But I will find hime when he lyes a sleepe
And in his eare Ile hallow Mortimer
Nay: Ile haue a starling shall be taught to speak

Nothing but Mortimer ; & giue it hime
To keepe his anger still in motion

Wor. Heare yo^w coosen a word

Hot. All studies here I solemnely¹ defie
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke
And that same sword & buckeler prince of Wales
But that I thinke his father loues hime not
And would be glad he mett w^t som mischance :
I would haue hime poysoned w^t a pot of ale

Wor. Farewell kinseman : Ile talke to yo^w
When yo^w ar better tempered to attend

Nor. Whie what a waspe-tongue & vnpatient foole
Art thou to breake into this womans moode
Tyeing thine ear to no tongue but thin owne.

Hot. Whie looke yo^w I ame whipt and scourg'd w^t rods
Netled and stoung w^t pismires : when I heare
Of this ville pollititian Bullingbrooke
In Richards time, what doe yo^w call the place
A plague apon it, it is in Glocestershire
Twas where the mad-cap duke his vnckle kept
His vnckle Yorke : where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this king of smiles : this Bullingbrooke :
Zbloud when yo^w & he came backe from Rauenspurgh

Nor. Yo^w say true.

Hot. Whie no. at Barkly Castle.²
Whie what a candie deale of curtesie
This fawninge grey-hownd then did proffer me
Looke when his infant fortune came to age :

¹ Originally written "vtterly" Altered to "solemnely" by Sir E. Deryng.

² This and the preceding line are erased, and in their place we have, in Deryng's handwriting—

"*Nor.* Att Barkly Castle.

Hct. You say true."

And gentle Harry Percey : & kind coosen :
O the diuell take such cooseners : God forgiue me :
Good vncle tell yow^r tale. I haue done.

Wor. Nay if yo^w haue not, to it againe
We will stay yow^r leasure :

Hot. I haue don yfaith :

Wor. Then once more to yow^r Scottish prisoners
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight :
And make the Dowglas sonne yow^r only mean
For powers in Scotland : w^{ch} for diuers reasons
W^{ch} I shall send yo^w written : be assur'd
Will easily be granted yo^w my lord
I speake not this in estima^{co}n
As what I thinke might be, but what I knowe
Is ruminated, plotted, & sett downe :
And only staies but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it, vpon my life it will doe well

Nor. Before the game's a foote thow still lets't slip.

Hot. Whie it cannot choose but be a noble plott
And then y^e power of Scotland & of Yorke
To joyne w^t Mortimer : ha :

Wor. And so they shall

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aym'd

Wor. And 'tis noe little reasone bids vs speed
To saue our heads, by rayseing of a head
For, beare our selues as euen as we canne
The king will allwayes thinke hime in our debt
And thinke, we thinke ourselues vnsatisfied
Till he hath found a time to paie vs home
And see alreadie how he doth begine
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue

Hot. He does, he does, wee le be reveng'd on hime

Wor. Coosine : farewell : no further goe in this
Then I in letters shall direct yow^r course

When time is ripe, w^{ch} will be suddenly :
 Ile steale to Glendower & to Mortimer
 Where yo^w & Dowglas : & our powers at once
 As I will fashion it. shall happily meett
 To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes
 W^{ch} now we hold at much vncertainty
Nor. Farewell good brother, we shall thriue I trust
Hot. Vncle adue, O let the howers be short
 Till fields, & blowes, & grones, aplaud our sport *Exeunt*

ACT : I.—SCÆN : 5^{ta}.

Enter Prince : POYNES

Poyn. Com shelter, shelter, I haue remooued Falstaffes
 horse, & he fretts like a gum'd velvet.

Prin. Stand close

Enter FALSTAFFE.

Fals. Poynes, Poynes, & be hang'd Poynes

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling dost
 thow keepe.

Fals. What Poynes, Hall.

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill Ile goe seeke
 hime. *[Exit.¹*

Fals. I am acurst to rob in that theeues company : the
 rascall hath remoou'd my horse : & tyed hime I knowe not
 where : if I trauell but fower foote by the squire further a
 foote, I shall breake my wind, well, I doubt not but to dye a
 faire death for all this : if I scape hanging for killing that rogue :
 I haue forsworne his company howerly any time this two &
 twenty yeares : & yet I am bewicht with the rogues company,
 if the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue

¹ This direction is in Deryng's handwriting.

hime Ile be hang'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke medicines: Poynes, Hall, a plague vpon yo^w both, Bardolfe, Peto, Ile starue ere Ile robe a foote further, and 'tweare not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man and leaue these rogues: I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth, eight yeards of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles a foote with me: And the stony-harted villaines knowe it well enough: A plague vpon it, when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle: [and enter PRINCE.]*¹

Whew, a plague apon yo^w all: giue me my horse, yo^w rogues: giue me my horse, and be hang'd:

Prin. Peace ye fatt gutts: lye downe: lay thine eare close to the grownd, and list if thow canst heare the tread of travellers.

Fals. Haue yo^w any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe: zbloud Ile not beare my owne flesh so far afoote agayne for all the coyne in thie fathers exchequer: What a plague meane yee to colt me thus.

Prin. Thow lyeest thow art not colted thow art vncolted

Fals. I prethee good prince Hall helpe me to my horse good kings sonne.

Prin. Out yo^w rogue; shall I be yow^r ostler

Fals. Goe hange thie selfe in thine owne haire aparant garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this; and I haue not ballads made on all, & sung to filthie tunes, Let a cup of sacke be my poyson: when jeast is so forward and a foote too, I hate it.

Enter BARDOLFF.

Bard. Stand.

Fals. So I doe against my will:

Poy. O tis our setter, I know his voyce: Bardolff what newes.

¹ The words within brackets have been added by Deryng.

Bard. Case ye, case yee, on with yow^r vizards theres mony of the kings com̃ing downe the hill 'tis goeing to the kings exchequer.

Fals. Yow lye yo^w rogue 'tis goeing to the King's taverne :

Bard. Theres enough to make vs all :

Fals. To be hang'd

Prin. Yo^w fower shall front them in the narrow lane Ned Poynes and I. will walk lower : if they scape from yo^{wr} incounter then they light on vs.

Poy. But how many be there of them :

Bard. Some eight or ten

Fals. Zounds will they not rob vs

Prin. What : a coward Sr John Pawnch.

Fals. Indeed I am not John of Gant our grandfather but yet noe coward, Hall.

Prin. Well wee leaue that to the proof

Poyn. Sirra Jack, thie horse stands behind the hedge : when thow needest hime there thou shalt find hime And there stand ready Harvey, Peto, and Rossill : goe thow and Bardolffe thether : Prince Hall and I will make good the foote of the hill and between vs they cannot escape : farewell and stand fast.

Fals. Now cannot I strick hime if I should be hang'd

Exit FALSTALFF & BARDOLFF.

Prin. Ned : where ar our disguises

Poyn. Here, put on, put on :

Prin. So : Poynes looke vp the hill :¹ see what is done there : At sea the greater fish deuoures the lesse : And on the land woulues liue by killing lambes : Now when the theeues haue bound the true men : and the true men rob'd the theeues agayne : it wilbe argument for a weeke laughter for a time, and a good jest for ever.

POYNES returnes.

Poy. Come Hall goe : the theeues ar diuiding the true mens goods.

¹ Deryng here adds, *Exit Poynes.*

Prin. Come suddenly, suddenly.

*They two goe out & rob FALSTALFF & the
rest: FALSTALFF & BARDOLF runne away
ouer the stage as FALST. goes he speakes,
O cowardly prince & Poynes, where ar they?*

ACT: Iⁱ—SCÆN: 6^{ta}.

Enter againe Prince & POYNES.

Prin. Gott with much ease: Now merily to horse: the
theeues ar scattered, and possest with feare so strongly that
they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an
officer: Away good Ned: Falstalfe sweares to death: and lards
the leane earth as hee wallkes along: wear't not for laughinge
I should pittie hime

Poyn. How the rogue roar'd

Exeunt

ACT: II^{di}—SCÆN: 1^a.

Enter HOTSPUR solus: reading a letter.

“ But for my owne part. my lord. I could be well contented
“ to be there: in respect of the loue I beare yow^r howse ”

He could be contented: whie is he not then: in the respect of
the loue he beares our howse he showes in this: that he loues
his owne barne better then he loues our howse: Lett me see
some more

“ The purpose yow vnder-take is dangerus ”

Whie that's certaine: 'tis daungerus to take a cold: to sleep, to
drinke, (but I tell yo^w (my lord foole) out of this nettle danger:
wee pluck this flower safty.

“ The purpose yow vndertake is dangerous: the friends yow

“haue named vncertaine: the time itselfe vnsorted, and yow^r
 “whole plot to light. for the counterpoise of so greate an oppo-
 “sition.”

Say yo^w so: say yo^w so: I saie vnto yo^w agayne: yo^w ar a shal-
 low cowardly hinde: and yo^w lye: what a lak-braine is this; by
 the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was layd: our frind
 true and constant: A good plot: good frinds: and full of
 expectation: an excellent plott: verry good friends: what a frosty
 spirited rogue is this: whie: My lord of York comends the
 plot: and the generall course of this action: Zounds and I
 weare nowe by this rascall. I could brayne hime with his ladies
 fanne: is there not my father: my vncle and myselfe: Lord
 Edmond Mortimer: My lord of York: and Owen Glendower:
 is there not besides the Dowglas: haue I not all theire letters
 to meet me in armes by the ninth of the next month: And ar
 not some of them sett forward alreadie what a pagan rascall is
 this: and Infidell Ha: yo^w shall see now in verry sincerity of
 feare & cold hart: will he to the king: and lay open all our
 proceedings: O I could diuid my selfe: and goe to buffetts for
 moueing such a dish of skime milke, with so honerable an
 action: hang hime: Lett hime tell the kinge: we ar prepard.
 I will sett forward to night.

Enter his Ladie

How now Kate: I must leaue yo^w within these two howers.

Ladi. O my good lord: whie are yo^w thus alone
 For what offence haue I this fortnight bine
 A banisht woman from my Harryes bed?
 Tell me sweet lord what ist that takes from thee
 Thie stomake: pleasure: and thie golden sleepe:
 Whie dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth
 & start so often when thou set'st alone?
 Whie hast thou lost the fresh blood in thie cheekes
 & giuen my treasures & my rights of thee

To thick-ey'd musing ; & curst malancholly
 In my faint slumbers : I by thee haue ¹ watcht :
 & heard thee murmur tales of iron wares
 Speake tearmes of mañag to thie bounding steed
 Cry courrag to the feild : & thow hast talkt
 Of sallies & retires ; trenches : tents :
 Of pallizadoes, frontiers : parapetts :
 Of basiliskes : of cannon culuerine
 Of prisoners ransome : & of souldiers slaine
 And all the current of a heddy fight
 Thie spirit within thee hath beene so at warre
 & thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thie sleep
 That beds of sweat hath stood vpō thie brow.
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame
 & in thie face strang motions haue apear'd
 Such as wee see when men restraine theire breath
 On some great suddaine hast : O what portents ar these
 Some heavy busines hath my lord in hand
 & I must know it : else he loues me not.

Enter a seruant.

Hot. What ho : is Gilliams w^t the packet gone

Ser. He is my lord : an hower agoe

Hot. Hath Buttler brought those horses from the Shreiffe

Ser. One horse : my lord : he brought euen now

Hot. What horse : a roane : a crop eare is it not ?

Ser. It is my lord

Hot. That roane shall be my throane : well : I will backe
 hime straight : Esperance : bid Buttler leade hime forth into
 the parke.

*Exit seruaunt.*²

Lad. But heare yo^w my lord

Hot. What sayest thow my ladie ?

¹ Added by Sir E. Deryng.

² This direction is by Deryng.

Lad. What is it carries yo^w away?

Hot. Whie my horse (my loue) my horse :

Lady. Out yo^w mad-headed ape : a weasle hath not such a deale of spleene as yo^w ar tost with : In faith Ile knowe yow^r busines Harry : that I will : I feare : my brother Mortimer doth stirre about his title, and hath sent for yo^w to lyne his enterprize : but if yo^w goe :——

Hot. So far a foote : I shall be weary : loue.

Lady. Come, come, yo^w paraquito : answeare me Directly to this question that I shall aske

Hot. Away. away yo^w trifler : loue : I loue thee not I care not for thee. Kate : this is no world To play w^t mammetts : & to tilt w^t lips We must haue bloody noses : & crackt crownes & passe them current too, Gods me my horse What saiest thou Kate : what would'st thou haue w^t me

Lady. Doe not yo^w loue me : doe yo^w not indeed Well : doe not then : for since yo^w loue me not I will not loue myselfe : doe yo^w not loue me : Nay : tell me if yo^w speake in jest or no ?

Hot. Come wilt thou see me ride & when I ame a horse-backe I will sweare I loue thee infinitly : but hark yo^w Kate, I must not haue yo^w henceforth question me Whether I goe : nor reason wheare about Whether I must : I must : & to conclud This euening must I leaue yo^w gentle Kate. I know yo^w wise : but yet noe farther wise Then Harry Perceys wif : constant yo^w ar But yet a woman : & for secrecy Noe lady closer ; for I will beleue Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not knowe & so fare will I trust thee gentle Kate

Lady. How : so far :

Hot. Not an inch further ; but harke yo^w Kate

Whether I goe : thither shall yo^w goe too :
 To daie will I sett forth : tomorrow yo^w
 Will this content yo^w Kate ?

Lady. It must of force : *Exeunt*

ACT : II^{di}. SCÆN : 2^{da}.

Enter Prince & POYNES.

Prin. Ned prethee come out of that fatt roome & lend me
 thie hand to laugh a little :

Poy. Where hast beene Hall ?

Prin. With three or fower logger-heads : amongs't three or
 fower-score hogges-heads : I haue sownded the verry bace-
 string of humillity. Sirra : I ame sworne brother to a leach of
 drawers and *can call them*¹ all by theire Christian names ; as
 Tom, Dick, & Francis ; they take it already apou there
 salluation, that though I be but Prince of Wales : yett I ame
 the king of curtesie : and tell me flat I ame not prowd Jack,
 like Falstafte, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettall, a good boy,
 (by the Lord so they call me) and when I ame King of
 England : I shall coñmand all the good lads in East-cheape,
 they call drinking deepe : dieing scarlett : & when yo^w breath
 in yow^r wattering : they crye hem : & bid yo^w play it off. to
 conclude : I ame so good a proficient in on quarter of an
 hower ; that I can drinke with any tincker in his owne
 language dureing my lyfe. I tell thee Ned : thow hast lost
 much honour that thow weant not w^t me in this action but
 sweet Ned : to sweeten this name of Ned : I giue thee this
 peny-worth of sugar : Clapt euen now into my hand by an
 vnder skinker : on that neuer spake other English in his life
 then eight shillings and sixe pence : and yo^w ar wellcom w^t this
 shrill addition anon, anon : sir : Score a pint of Bastard in the

¹ Originally, "they call me."

halfe moone or so : but Ned : to driue away the time till Falstalfe come I prethee doe thow stand in some by-roome : while I question my puny drawer : to what end he gaue me the sugar : and doe neuer leaue calling Francis : that his tale to me may be nothing but anon ; step aside, & Ile shew the a present.

Poy. Francis

Prin. Thow art perfitt

Poy. Francis

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir : Looke downe into ye pomgarnet Ralfe.

Prin. Come hither Francis :

Fran. My lord.

Prin. How long hast thow to serue Francis ?

Fran. Forsooth fiue yeares, & as much as to—

Poy. Francis :

Fran. Anon : anon sir :

Prin. Fiue yeares : berlady a long lease for the clinckeing of pewter ; but Francis, darest thow be so valiant as to playe the coward w^t thie indenture and shew it a faire payer of heeles and runne from it.

Fran. O Lord sir. Ile be sworne apon all the bookes in England : I could find in my hart

Poy. Francis.

Fran. Anon sir.

Prin. How old art thow Francis ?

Fran. Let me see : about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poy. Francis

Fran. Anon sir : pray stay yo^w a little my lord.

Prin. Nay but harke yo^w Francis : for the sugar thow gauest me : twas a peny-worth was't not ?

Fran. O Lord. I would it had been two :

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thowsand pownd: aske me when thou wilt & thou shalt haue it.

Poyn. Francis

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis: no Francis: but tomorrow Francis: or Francis, on Thursday, or indeed Francis: when thou wilt, but Francis.

Fran. My lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this leatherne jerkin: christall button; not-pated, agat-ring, Puck-stockeing: Cadice-garter, smooth tongue, Spanish pouch

Fran. O Lord sir, who doe yo^w meane:

Prin. Whie then, yow^r brown bastard is yow^r only drinke: for looke yo^w Francis, yow^r white canvasse doubled will sully. In Barbary it will not com to so much.

Poyn. Francis

Fran. What sir

Prin. Away yo^w rogue, dost thou not heare hime call?

Here they both call hime: the Drawer stands amazed: not knoweing w^{ch} way to goe.¹

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What: stands't thou still; and hears't such a calling: Looke to the ghests within. My lord old Sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore: shall I lett them inn?

Prin. Lett them alon awhile, and then open the dore. Poynes!

Enter POYNES.

Poyn. Anon, anon sir:

¹ Instead of this direction, Deryng has written, "*Exit Drawer.*" The two next speeches, here given to the Vintner and the Prince, are scratched through, and Sir E. D. inserts in their place,—

"*Prince.* Poynes!"

Prin. Sirra Falstalfe, *and the rest of the theeues are at the dore*:¹ shall we be merry?

Poyn. As merry as cricketts my lad. but harke yee what cunning match haue yo^w made with this jest of the drawer: com: what's the issue?

Prin. I ame now of all humors that haue shewed themselves humors: since the old daies of goodman Adam; to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at night: what's a clock? Francis:

Fran. Anon. anon sir. (*Within*)²

*Prin.*³ That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a parret; and yett the sonne of a woman: his industry is vp stayers: and downe stayers: his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning: I am not yett of Perceys mynd; the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seauen dozen of Scotts at a breakfast: washes his hands and sayes to his wife; fie vpō this quiet lyfe: I want worke. O my sweet Harry saies shee, how many hast thou kill'd to daie? giue my roane horse a drinke saies: and answeares, some forteene an hower after. A trifle: a trifle: I prethee call in Falstalfe, Ile play Percy; and that damn'd brawne shall play dame Mortimer his wife: Riue saies the drunkard: Call in ribs: call in tallow.

ACT: II^{di}. SCÆN: 3^{tia}.

*Enter FALSTALFE & BARDOLFE.*⁴

Poyn. Wellcome Jacke, where hast thou beene?

Fals. A plague of all cowards I saie; and a vengeance to:

¹ Instead of the sentence in Italics, Deryng writes, "will be heere anon."

² Added by Deryng.

³ Deryng here adds, "Call in Falstaffe."

⁴ Deryng has added, "and Francis."

Mary and amen : giue me a cup of sack boy : ¹ ere I leade this life longe ; Ile sowe nether-stockes, and mend them ; and foote them too. A plague of all cowards ; giue me a cup of sacke Rogue ; is there noe vertue extant.

Prin. Did'st thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter : pittifull harted Titan ; that melted at the sweet tale of the sunne ; if thou did'st then behold that compound :

Fals. Yo^w rogue ; here's lyme in the sacke too ; there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man : yett a coward is worse then a cupe of sacke with lyme in it. A villanous coward : goe thie wayes old Jacke ; dye when thou wilt : if manhood good manhood be not forgott vpon the face of the earth ; then am I a shotten-herring ; there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England. And on of them is fatt and growes old : God help the while : a bad world I say. I would I weare a weauer : I could singe psalmes or any thinge. A plague of all cowards I saie still.

Prin. How now wolsacke whate mutter yo^w.

Fals. A kings sonn : if I doe not beate the out of thie kingdome with a dagger of lath : a driue all thie subjects before thee ; like a flock of wild-geese. Ile neuer weare hare on my face more : yo^w Prince of Wales :

Prin. Whie yo^w horson round man : what's the matter.

Fals. Ar yo^w not a coward : answeare me to that : & Poynes there.

Prin. Zounds yo^w ² fatt pawneh : and yee call me coward Ile stabe thee. *I'le take say of yee.* ³

Fals. I call thee coward : Ile see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward : but I would giue a thowsand pownd I could runne as fast as thou cans't ye ar straight enough in the shoulders ; yo^w

¹ *Exit Francis and enters with sacke and a glasse.—E. D.*

² "Thou" is written over this word, and also over "yee," the fourth word following.

³ In Deryng's handwriting.

care not who sees yo^wr backe : call yo^w that baking of yow^r friends. A plague of such backing : giue me them that will face me : giue me a cup of sacke. I am a villaine if I drunk to daie.

Prin. O villaine thie lips ar scarce wip'd scince thow drunkenest last.

Fals. All's on for that.

*He drinkes.*¹

A plague of all cowards still I say.

Prin. What's the matter :

Fals. What's the matter : here be fower of vs haue tane a thowsand pownds this morning.

Prin. Where is it Jacke : where is it :

Fals. Where is it : taken from vs it is : an hundreth vpon poore fower of vs.

Prin. What : an hundred man :

Fals. I am a rogue if I weare not at half sword with a dozen of them two howers together. I haue scaped by miracle. I ame eight times thrust through the doublett ; fower through the hose : my buckeler cutt through and through : my sword hackt like a handsaw *Ecce signum* : I neuer dealt better scince I was a man : all would not doe : a plague of all cowards : lett Bardolfe speake if he speake more or lesse then truth he is a villaine & the sonn of darknes.

Prin. Speake sirra how was it :

Bar. Fower of vs sett vpon some dozen.

Fals. Sixteen at least my lord and bound them.

Bard. No. no. they weare not bound.

Fals. Yo^w rogue they weare bound : euery man of them or I am a Jew else : An Ebrew Jew :

Bard. As we weare shareing : some six or seauen fresh men sett vpon vs.

Fals. And vnbound the rest : and then com in the other.

¹ *Exit Francis*, added by Deryng.

Prin. What fought ye w^t them all.

Fals. All: I know not what yee call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there weare not two or three and fifty vpon poore old Jake, then ame I noe two leg'd creature.

Poy. Pray God yo^w haue not murthered som of them.

Fals. Nay that's past praying for: I haue pepered two of them; two of them I ame sure I haue paid: two rogues in buckerom sutes: I tell thee what Hall; if I tell thee a lye, spitt in my face, call me horse: thow knowest my old word: here I laye; and thus I bore my poynt: fower rogues in buckrom lett driue at me.

Prin. What fower: thow saids't but two euen now.

Fals. Fower Hall: I told thee fower.

Poy. I. I. he said fower.

Fals. These fower came all afront and maynly thrust at me: I made noe more adoe but tooke all their seauen poynes in my targett thus.

Prin. Seauen; whie there weare but fower euen now.

Fals. In buckerom:

Poy. I fower in buckrome sutes

Fals. Seauen: by these hilts: or I am a villaine else:

Prin. Prethee lett hime alone: we shall haue more anon.

Fals. Dost thow heare me Hall:

Prin. I, and marke thee too Jacke

Fals. Do so, for it is worth the listning to; those nyne in buckrom that I told thee off.

Prin. So two more already

Fals. Theire poynts being broken:

Poy. Downe fell his hose:

Fals. Began to giue me grownd: but I followed me close: came in foote and hand, and with a thought seauen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstras: eleuen buckrom men growne out of two.

Fals. But as the diuell would haue it ; three misbegotten knaues in Kendall green. came at my backe and lett driue at me : for it was so darke Hall : that thow could'st not see thie hand.

Prin. These lyes ar like the father that begetts them grosse as a mountaine : open : palpable : whie thow clay-braind gutts ; thow knotted-pated-foole thow horson obscene greasie tallow catch.¹

Fals. What : art thow mad : art thow mad : is not the truth the truth :

Prin. Whie how could'st thow know these men in Kendall greene when it was so darke thow could'st not see thie hand : come tell us yow^r rason what saiest thow to this.

Poynt. Come, yow^r reason Jake. yow^r reason :

Fals. What vpon compulsion. Zounds and I weare at the strappado, or all the rackes in the world : I would not tell yo^w on compulsion : giue yo^w a reason on compulsion, if reasons weare as plenty as blackeberries : I would giue noe man a reason on compulsion : I.

Prin. Ile be noe longer guilty of this sinne : this sanguine coward : this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker this huge hill of flesh.

Fals. Zbloud yo^w starueling : yo^w elfskin : yo^w dri'd neats tongue, bulls-pizell : yo^w stock-fish : O for breath to vtter ; what is like thee : yo^w taylors yard : yo^w sheath : yo^w bowcase, yo^w vile standing tucke

Prin. Well breath a whill, and then to it againe : and when thow hast tryed thie selfe in bace comparisons : heare me speak but thus.

Poynt. Marke Jacke :

Prin. We two, saw yo^w fower, sett on fower and bownd them ; and weare maisters of their wealth. Marke now what

¹ This word is altered to "chest" by the original scribe, and in the same hand as the rest of the MS.

a plaine tale shall putt yo^w downe : then did we two sett on yo^w fower and w^t a word out-fac'd yo^w from yow^r prize : And haue it : yea, and can shew it yo^w here in the howse : and Falstalffe yo^w carried away yow^r gutts as nimbly with as quick dexterity and roared for mercy. and still runne : and roare : as euer I hard bull-calfe : whatt a slaue art thou to hack thie sword as thou hast don : and then saie it was in fight : what tricke : what diuise : what starting hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and aparant shame.

Poyn. Come letts't heare Jacke ; what tricke hast thou nowe :

Fals. By the Lord I knewe ye as well as He that made yo^w : whie heare yo^w my maisters, was it for me to kill the heire aparant : should I turne vpon the true prince : whie thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct : the lyon will not touch the true prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward, on instinct : I shall thinke of myselfe and thee the better dureing my whole life. I for a valiant lyon : and thou for a true prince : but by the Lord lads, I ame glad yo^w haue the mony : hostesse clap to the dores : watcht to night : pray tomorrow : Gallants, lads, boyes, harts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship com to yo^w : What shall we be merry shall we haue a play extempore.

Prin. Content and the argument shalbe : thie running away.

Fals. A : no more of that Hall & thou louest me

Enter HOSTESSE.

Hos. O Jesue : my lord the prince :

Prin. How now my ladie the hostesse : whatt saiest thou to me ?

Hos. Marry my lord there's a noble man of the court at dore, would speake with yo^w he saies he comes from yow^r father.

Prin. Giue hime as much as will make hime a royall man and send hime backe againe to my mother.

Fals. What manner of man is he :

Hos. An old man.

Fals. What doth grauity out of his bed at midnight : shall I giue hime his answeare :

Prin. Prethee doe Jacke.

Fals. Faith and Ile send hime packeing :

Exit FALS.

Prin. Now : sirs : Berlady yo^w fought faire : Bardolffe, yo^w ar a lion to : yo^w run away apon instinct : yo^w will not touch the true prince : noe fye.

Bard. Faith I ran when I saw others runne :

Prin. Faith tell me now in earnest how cam Falstalffes sword so hackt :

Bard. Why he hackt it with his dagger : and said he would sweare truth out of England, but he would make yo^w beleeeue it was don in fight : and perswaded vs to doe the like.¹ I blusht to heare his monsterous devises.

Prin. O villaine thou stolest a cup of sacke eightteene years agoe : and weart taken with the manner & euer scince thou hast blusht extempore : thou hads't fire and sword on thie side and yet thou runs't away : what instinct hadst thou for it.

Bard. My lord, doe yo^w see these meteors ; doe yo^w behold these exhalations :

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke yo^w they portend :

Prin. Hott liuers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler my lord ; if rightly taken.

Enter FALSTALFF.

Prin. No if rightly taken, halter : here comes leane Jacke : here comes bare-bone : how now my sweet creature of bombast ; how long ist agoe Jack scince thou sawest thine owne knee :

¹ Deryng has written in the margin, "vide printed booke."

Fals. My owne knee: when I was about thie yeares (Hall) I was not an eagles talent in the waste: I could haue crept into any aldermans thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and greefe it blowes a man vp like a bladder: there's villanous news abroad: here was sir John Braby from yow^r father: yo^w must goe to the court in the morning: the same mad fellowe of the North, Percey, and he of Wales that gaue Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckhold; and swore the diuell his true liedgman vpon the crosse of a welsh hooke. What a plague call yow hime?

Poyn. Owen Glendower:

Fals. Owen, Owen, the same and his sonne in lawe Mortimer: and old Northumberland and the sprighly Scot of Scotts: Dowglas that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rids at high speed, and with a pistoll kills a sparrow flyeing.

Fals. Yo^w haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the sparrow:

Fals. Well: that rascall hath good mettall in hime he will not runne.

Prin. Whie what a rascall art thou then to prayse hime so for runing.

Fals. A horsbacke (ye cuckoe) but a foote he will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes Jacke vpon instinct.

Fals. I grant ye vpon instinct: well hee is there too & one Mordake and a thowsand blew-caps more. Worcester is stollen away by night; thie fathers beard is turned whitte w^t the newes: yo^w may buy land now as cheape as stincking mackrell.

Prin. Then tis like if there come a hott sunn, & this ciuill buffetting hold we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nayles, by the hundreds.

Fals. By the masse lad thou saiest true: it is like we shall

haue good trading that way : but tell me Hall : art not thou horrible afear'd, thou being heire aparant : Could the world picke out three such enymies againe. as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, and that diuell Glendower : art not thou horrible afraide : doth not thie blood thrill at it :

Prin. Not a whitte efaith : I lacke some of thie instinct

Fals. Well thou wilt be horrible chidd tomorrow when thou comest to thie father : if thou doe loue me practis an answere :

Prin. Doe thou stand for my father & examyne me vpon the perticulars of my life.

Fals. Shall I : Content : this chaire shall be my state : this dagger my septer, & this cushion my crowne :

Prin. Thie state is taken for a joynd-stoole : thie golden septer for a leaden dagger : & thie pretious rich crown for a pittifull bauld crowne.

Fals. Well & the fire of grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be mooued : giue me a cupe of sacke to make myn eyes looke red, that it may be thought I haue wept : for I must speake in passion & I will doe it in kinge Cambises vayne

Prin. Well here is my legg :

Fals. And here is my speach : stand aside nobility

Hos. O Jesu : this is excellent sport ifaith :

Fals. Weepe not sweet Queen : for trickling teares are vaine.

Hos. O the father how he holdes his countenance :

Fals. For God's sake lords convey my tristfull queene : For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes :

Hos. O Jesu : he doth it as like on of these harlotry players as euer I see.

Fals. Peace good pint-pott : peace good tickle braine : Harry : I doe not only marvell where thou spendest thie time, but also how thou art accompany'd : for though the cammomile the more it is troden on, the faster it growes, yett youth the more it is wasted the sooner it weares. Thou art my sonne. I haue

ptly thie mothers word, partly my owne opinion: but cheifly a villanous trick of thine eye, & a foolish hanging of thie neather lip that doth warrant me; if then, thow be sonne to me, here lyeth the poynt: whie being sonne to me art thow so poynted at: shall the blessed sonne of Heauen proue a micher, and eate blackberryes: a question not to be askt:¹ there is a thing Harry which thow hast often heard of & it is know to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch (as ancient writters doe report) doth defille: so doth the company thow keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares, not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woe allso, & yet there is a vertuous man whom I haue often noted in thie company but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, & it like yow^r maiesty

Fals. A goodly portly man Ifaith & a corpulent, of a cheerefull looke, a pleasing eye, & a most noble cariag: & as I thinke his age some fiftie or beerlady inclyning to threescore: & now I remember me his name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly giuen he deceiues me, for Harry I see vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may be knowne by the fruite: as the fruite by the tree: then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Falstalffe: hime keep w^t; the rest banish: & tell me now thow naughty varlet, tell me where hast thow beene this month:

Prin. Dost thow speake like a king: doe thow stand for me, and Ile play my father. *Exit HOSTESSE.*²

Fals. Depose me, if thow dost it halfe so grauely, so maies-tically both in word & matter: hang me vp by the heeles for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulters hare.

Prin. Well, here I ame sett:

¹ Deryng adds in the margin, probably from the printed copy, "Shall y^e sonne of England proue a theife and take purses, a question to be ask't."

² In Deryng's handwriting.

Fals. & here I stand : Judge my masters :

Prin. Now Harry : whence com yow :

Fals. My noble lord, from East-cheape :

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee are greevius.

Fals. Zblood my lord, they are false, nay Ile tickle ye for a young prince Ifaith :

Prin. Swearest thou, vngratious boy, henceforth nere looke on me : thou art violently caried awaye from grace. there is the diuell haunts thee in y^e likenes of a fatt old man : A tun of man in thie company : whie dost thou converse w^t that truncke of humors, that boulding-hutch of beastlines, that swolne parcell of dropsies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuft cloke-bag of gutts, that rosted Manning-tree oxe w^t the pudding in his belly, that reverent vice, that graye inniquity, that father Ruffan, that vanity in years wherein is he good, but to tast sacke & drink it : wherein neat & cleāly but to carue a capon & eate it : wherein cunning but in craft : wherein crafty but in villanny : wherein villanous, but in all things : wherein worthie, but in nothing :

Fals. I would yow^r grace would take me w^t yo^w
Whome meanes yow^r grace.

Prin. That villanous abhominable misleader of youth Falstalffe, that old whitte-bearded Sathan

Fals. My lord, the man I know

Prin. I know thou dost :

Fals. But to say, I know more harme in hime then in myselfe weare to saie more then I knowe ; that he is old, (the more the pittie) his whitte hares doe wittnes it, but that he is (saueing yow^r reverence) a whore-master, that I vtterly deny : if sacke & sugar be a fault, God help the wicked ; if to be old & merry be a sinne, then many an old host that I know is damn'd : if to be fatt to be hated, then Pharos leane kine are to be loued : no my good lord : banish Peto, banish Bardolffe, banish Poynes, but for sweet Jacke Falstalffe, kind Jake Falstalffe, true Jake Falstalf, valiant Jake Falstalf, &

therefore more valient being as he is old Jake Falstalffe : banish not hime thie Harryes company, banish not hime thie Harryes company : banish plump Jak & banish all the world.

*Enter FRANCIS runninge.*¹

Prin. I doe, I will :

Fran. O my lord, my lord : the shreife w^t a most monstrous match is at the dore.

Fals. Out yo^w rogue, playe out the play : I haue much to say in the behoofe of that Falstalffe :

Enter the hostesse.

Hos. O Jesu, my lord, my lord.

Poyn. Heigh, heigh, y^e diuell rids vpon a fiddle-stick : what's the matter

Hos. The shreife & all the watch ar at the dore : they are come to shearch the howse : shall I lett them in :

Fals. Do thow heare Hall ; neuer call a true peece of gold counterfeit : thou art essentially made w^tout seeming so.

Prin. And thow a naturall coward w^tout instinct :

Fals. I deny yow^r Maior, if yow'le deny the sherife : so : if not : lett hime enter : if I become not a carte as well as an other man. A plague on my bringing vp : I hope I shall be as soone strangled with a halter, as another :

Prin. Goe hid thee behind the arras : the rest walke vp aboue : now my maisters, for a true face & good conscience.

Fals. Both w^{ch} I haue had, but there date is out, & therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the sherife.²

¹ Some slight erasures have here been made, but the original text afterwards restored.

² Deryng has added the following direction—*Exeunt Poynes and Bardolff: Exit Hostes. Falstaff hides himself.*

Enter Sherife

Prin. Now maister sherife, what is yow^r will w^t me

Sherif. First pardon me my lord, a hue & cry hath followed certaine men vnto this howse.

Prin. What men

Shrei. On of them is well knowne my gracious lord : a grosse fatt man, as fatt as butter.

Prin. The man I doe asure yo^w is not here
For I my selfe ; at this time haue imploy'd hime
& sherife I will ingage my word to thee
That I will by to-morrow dinner-time
Send hime to answeare thee ; or any man :
For anything ; he shall be charg'd w^t all
& so lett me intreate yo^w leaue the howse

Sherif. I will my lord : there are two gentlemen
Haue in this robbery lost three hundreth markes.

Prin. It may be so : if he haue rob'd these men
He shall be answeareable ; & so farewell.

Sheri. Good-night, my noble lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow is it not.¹

Sheri. I think my lord indeed it be two a'clocke.

Exit Sherife

Prin. This oylie rascall is knowne as well as Poules : goe call hime forth.

Poyn. Falstalfe : fast asleep behind the arras & snorting like a horse.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath : Search his pocketts.

He searches his pocketts & findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What hast thou found :

¹ This line and the next are erased, and *Enter Poynes* added in Deryng's handwriting.

Poyn. Nothing but papers my lord :

Prin. Letts see what be they ; read them :

Item a caponto shillingstwopence.

It. saucefower-pence

It. sack : two gallonsfiue shillings eight-pence

It. Anchoues & sacke after supper .. two shillings six-pence

It. breada half-peny

O monstrous ; but on halfe-peny-worth of bread to this intolerable deale of sack ; what there is else keepe close : weell read it at more aduantage : there lett hime sleep till day ; Ile to the Court in the morning : we must all to the wañes & thie place shalbe honerable. Ile pcure this fatt rogue a charge of foote ; & I know his death will be a match of twellue score : the mony shalbe paid backe againe w^t aduantage ; be w^t me betimes in the morning & so *good morrow*,¹ Poynes.

Poyn. *Good morrow*,² good my lord

Exeunt

ACT : IIIⁱⁱⁱ : SCÆN: 1^a.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, LORD MORTIMER,

OWEN GLENDOWER

Mor. These pmises are faier ; the pties sure
& our inducktion full of prosperous hopes :

Hot. Lord Mortimer & cozen Glendower ; will yo^w sitt downe & Vncle Worcester. A plague vpon it : I haue forgott the map.

Glen. No here it is : sitt coosen Percy, sitt good coosen Hotspur for by that name as oft as Lancaster doth speake of yow his cheeke lookes pale : & w^t a rising sigh ; he wisheth yo^w in heauen.

¹ Altered by Deryng to "farewell."

² Altered by Deryng to "Good night."

Hot. & yow in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke off:

Glen. I cannot blame hime: at my natiuity
The front of Heauen was full of firy shapes
Of burning cressetts; & at my birth
The frame & fowndation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Whie so it would haue don at the same season, if
yow^r mothers cat had but kittned; though yow^r selfe had
neuer been borne

Glen. I say the earth did shake when I was borne

Hot. & I saie the earth was not of my mynd
If yo^w suppose as feareing yow; it shooke.

Glen. The heauens weare all on fire, the earth did tremble

Hot. Oh then then the earth shooke, to see the heauens
on fire;

& not in feare of yow^r natiuity:

Diseaced nature often times breakes forth

In strang eruptions; & the teeming earth

Is with a kind of collike pincht & vext

By the imprisoning of vnruely wind

Within her wombe; which for inlargement striueing

Shakes the old beldom earth & toples downe

Steeple & mosgrowne towers; at yow^r birth

Our grandam earth; haueing distemperature in pashion shooke.

Glen. Coosen of many men

I doe not beare these crosses; giue me leaue

To tell yo^w once againe, that at my birth

The front of heauen was full of firy shapes

The goates ran from the mountaines & the heards

Weare strangly clamorous, to the frighted feilds

These signes haue markt me extraordinary

& all the courses of my life doe shew

I ame not in the roll of common men:

Where is the liueing clipt in w^t the sea

That chids the bankes of England : Scotland & Wales :
Which calls me pupill : or hath reade to me
& bring hime out that is but womans sonne
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of art
& hold me pace in deepe experiments

Hot. I thinke there's noe man speakes better welsh :
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosine Percy : yo^w will make hime mad.

Glen. I can call spiritts from the wasty deepe.

Hot. Whie so can I, or so can any man,
But will they come, when yo^w doe call them.

Glen. Whie I can teach thee coosine to co^mmand the diuell.

Hot. And I can teach thee coosine, to shame the diuell
By telling truth ; tell truth, & shame the diuell
If thow haue power to raise hime ; bring hime hither,
& Ile be sworne I haue power to shame hime hence.
O whill yo^w liue, tell truth, & shame the diuell.

Mor. Come, come ; noe more of this vnproffitable chatt

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrook made head
Against my power ; thris from the bankes of wye
& sandy bottom'd Severne haue I sent hime
Bootles home ; & weather-beatten backe.

Hot. Home w^t out boots : & in foule weather too
How scapes the agues in the diuells name.

Glen. Come, heres the map, shall wee diuid our right
According to our threefold order tane :

Mor. The Arch-deakon hath diuided it
Into three limitts verry equally
England from Trent, & Severne hither-too
By south & east is to my pt assign'd
All westward, Wales beyound the Severne shore
And all the firtill land w^t in that bound
To Owen Glendower ; & deare coose to yo^w
The remnant northward lying off from Trent
& our Indentures tripartite ar drawne

Which being scealed entechañgably
 (A busines that this night may execute)
 To morrow coosine Percy ; yo^w & I
 & my good lord of Worcester will sett forth
 To meet yo^wr father & the Scottish power
 As is apoynted vs at Shrewsbury
 My father Glendower is not ready yett
 Nor shall we need his help ; these foreteene daies
 W^t in that space : yo^w may haue drawne together
 Yow^r tennants ; friends, & neighbouring gentlemen

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to yo^w lords
 & in my conduct shall yow^r ladies come
 From whom yo^w now must steale ; & take no leaue
 For there will be a world of watter shed
 Vpon the parting of yow^r wiues & yo^w :

Hot. Methinkes my moity North from Burton here
 In quantity equales not one of yowrs :
 See, how this riuer comes me cranking in
 & cutts me from the best of all my land
 A huge halfe moone, a monstrous scantle out :
 Ile haue the current in this place damnd vp
 & here the snuug & silluer Trent shall runne
 In a new chanell ; faire & euenly :
 It shall not wind w^t such a deep indent
 To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not winde : it shall, it must, yo^w see it doth :

Mor. Yea : but mark how he beares his course & runs me
 vp ; w^t like aduantag ; on the other side, gelding the opposed
 continent, as much as from the other side, it takes from yo^w :

Wor. Yea, but a little charg will trench hime here
 & on this north-side, winn this cap of land
 & then he runs straight & euen :

Hot. Ile haue it so : A little charge will doe it

Glen. Ile not haue it altered :

Hot. Will not yo^w :

Glen. No : nor yo^w shall not :

Hot. Who shall saie me nay :

Glen. Whie that will I :

Hot. Lett me not vnderstand yo^w then ; speake it in Welsh

Glen. I can speake English : lord : as well as yo^w

For I was train'd vp in the English court

Where being but young I framed to the harpe

Many an English ditty, louely well :

& gaue the tongue ; a helpfull ornament :

A vertue that was neuer seene in yo^w

Hot. Marry & I am glad of it w^t all my hart

I had rather be a kitten & crye mew ;

Then on of these same mitter ballet-mongers :

I had rather heare ; a brasen canstick turn'd

Or a dry wheele grate on the axle-tree :

& that would sett my teeth nothing an edge

Nothing so much as minsing poetry :

'Tis like the forse gate of a shuffling nage :

Glen. Com : yow shall haue Trent turn'd

Hot. I doe not care ; Ile giue thris so much land

To any well deserueing friend :

But in the way of bargaine, mark ye me :

Ile cauell on the ninth part of a hare

Ar the indentures drawne ; shall we be gone :

Glen. The moone shines faier ; ye may away by night :

Ile hast the writter ; & withall

Breake with yow^r wiues of yow^r departure hence

I ame afraid my daughter will runne mad :

So much shee doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit.

Mor. Fie coosine Percy : how yo^w crosse my father :

Hot. I cannot chuse : sometimes he angers me

With telling me of the mould-warp & the ant :

Of the dreamer Merline ; & her prophesies :

& of a dragon ; & a finlesse fish :

A clip-wing'd griffine & a moultten rauens :

A couching lyon & a ramping katt :
 & such a deale of skimble-skamble stuffe
 As puts me from my faith ; Ile tell yee what :
 He held me last night ; at least nyne howers
 In reckoning vp the severall diuells mames
 That weare his lackies : I cryed hum ; & well : go to :
 But markt hime not a word : O he is as tedious
 As a tired horse : a rayling wife :
 Worse then a smoky howse ; I had rather liue
 With cheese & garlike in a wind-mill farr
 Then feede on cattis & haue hime talke to me
 In any sommer-howse in Christendome :

Mor. Infaith he was a worthie gentleman :
 Exceeding well read, & profitted
 In strange conscealements ; valiant as a lyon
 & wondrous affable & as bountifull
 As mynes of Imdia ; shall I tell yow coosen
 He holds yow^r temper in a hie respect
 & curbs himeselfe : euen of his naturall scope
 When yow come crosse his humor, faith he does ;
 I warrant yow that man is not aliue
 Might so haue tempted hime as yow haue done
 Without the tast of danger & reproofe :
 But doe not vse it oft lett me intreat yow

Wor. In faith my lord : yow^r ar to willfull blame .
 & scince yow^r comming hither ; haue done enough
 To put hime quite besides his patience
 Yow^r must needs learne lord : to amend this fault :
 Though some times it shew greatnes ; courag, blood,
 & that's the dearest grace it renders yow^r :
 Yett often times it doth present harsh rage :
 Defect of manners ; want of gouernment :
 Prid ; hautines : opinion : & disdaine :
 The least of which ; haunting a noble man :
 Loseth mens harts, & leaues behind a staine

Vpon the beauty of all parts besids.

Beguilling them of comendaçõn

Hot. Well, I am scoll'd good manners be yow^r speed
Come ; to our wiues & lett us take our leaue :

Exeunt.

ACT : IIIth.—SCÆN: 2^{da}.

Enter the King: Prince of WALES: LANCASTER & others.

King. Lords : giue vs leaue ; the Prince of Wales & I must
haue some priuate conference, but be nere at hand for we shall
presently haue need of yo^w

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will haue it so :
For some displeasing seruise I haue done
That in His secrett dome out of my blood
Heele breed revengement ; & a scourge for me,
But thow dost in the passages of life
Make me beleue that thow art only mark'd
For the hott vengeance ; & the rod of heauen
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else
Could such inordinate & low desires
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such mean atempts
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thow art matcht wthall & grafted too
Acompany the greatnes of thie blood,
& hold their leuell with thie princely hart.

Prin. So please yow^r Maiesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleere excuse
As well as I ame doubtles I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withall :
Yet such extenuation lett me begg
As in reproofe of many tales deuisd
W^{ch} oft the eare of greatenes needs must heare

By smileing pick-thankes & bace newes-mongers
I may for some things true. wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred ; & irrigular
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee : yett lett me wonder Harry
At thie affections w^{ch} doe hold a winge
Quite from the flight of all thie ancestors
Thie place in counsell thow hast rudely lost
Which by thie younger brother is suplide :
& art almost an alient from the harts
Of all the court ; & princes of my blood.
The hope & expectation of thie time
Is ruin'd ; & the soule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-think thie fall
Had I so lauish of my presents beene
So common hackneid in the eyes of men :
So stale, & cheap to vulgar company
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne
Had still kept loyall to possession
& left me in reputles banishment
A fellow of noe marke, or likely-hood :
By beeing seldome seene, I could not stirr
But like a commett I was wondred at
That men would tell their children this is he,
Others would say, where : which is Bullingbrooke
& then I stole all curtesi from Heauen
& drest myselfe in such humillity
That I did pluck aledgiance from mens harts
Loud shouts, & salutations from their mouthes
Euen in the presents of the crowned kinge
Thus I did keep my person fresh & new
My presents like a robe pountificall
Nere seene ; but wondred at : & so my state
Seldome ; but sumptuous shewed like a feast
& whan by rarenes such solemnityes

The skipping king he ambled vp & downe
 With shallow jestars & rash braine witts
 Soone kindled & soone burnt, carded his state
 Mingled his royalty w^t carping fooles :
 Had his great name prophaned w^t their scornes
 & gaue his countenance against his name
 To laugh at gybing boyes ; & stand the push
 Of euery beardles vayne comparatiue
 Grew a companion to the co^mon streets
 Enfeoft himeselfe to popularity
 That being daiely swallowed by mens eyes
 They surffeted w^t hony & began to loath
 The tast of sweetnes : whereof a little
 More then a little is by much to much
 So when he had occation to be seene
 He was but as the cuckoe is in June
 Heard, not regarded ; seene but w^t such eyes
 As sicke & blunted w^t co^munity :
 Affoord noe extraordinary gaze
 Such as it bent on sunne-like maiesty
 When it shines seldome in admireing eyes :
 But rather drowz'd, & hung their eye-lides downe
 Slept in his face, & rendred such aspect
 As cloudy men vse to doe to their aduersaryes
 Being w^t his presents glutted, georgde & full
 & in that very lyne : Harry : standest thou :
 For thou hast lost thie princely priuiledge
 W^t vile participation : not an eye
 But is aweary of thie co^mon sight
 Saue myne ; Which hath desired to see thee more
 W^{ch} now doth that I would not haue it doe
 Make blind itselfe w^t foolish tendernes :

Prin. I shall hereafter my thris gracious lord
 Be more myselfe.

King. For all the world :

As thou art to this hower, was Richard then
When I from France sett foote at Rauensprugh :
& euen as I was then is Percey now
Now by my septer & my soule to boote
He hath more worthie interest to the state
Then thou ; the shadow of succession :
For of noe right, nor cullor like to right
He doth fill feilds w^t harnes in the realme
Turns head against the lyons armed Jawes
& being no more in debt to tender yeares then thou
Leads ancient lords, & reuerent bishops on
To bloody battells & to bruseing armes :
What neuer dyeing honour hath he gott
Against renowned Dowglas : whose high deeds
Whose hott incursions & great name in armes
Holds from all souldier cheife maiority
& millitary title capitall :
Through all the kingdomes that acknowlegd Christ
Thris hath the Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes
This infant warriar in his enteprizes
Discomfited great Dowglas ; tane hime once
Enlarged hime & made a friend of hime
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp
& shake the peace & safty of our throne
& what say yo^w to this. Percy Northumberland
The Archbishops grace of Yorke, Dowglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs ; & are vp
But wherefore doe I tell this news to thee :
Whie Harry doe I tell thee of my foes :
W^{ch} art my ners't & dearest enymie
Thow that art like enough through vassall feare
Bace inclination ; & the start of spleene :
To fight against me, vnder Percyes paie
To dog his heeles & curtsi at his frownes :
To shew how much ; thou art degenerat :

Prin. Doe not thinke so, yo^w shall not find it so
And God forgiue them that so much haue sway'd
Yow^r Maiesties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeeme all this on Percyes head :
& in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell yo^w that I am yo^w^r sonne.
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
& staine my fauours in a bloody maske
W^{ch} washt away shall scoure my shame w^t it
& that shalbe the day when ere it lights
This same child of honour & renowne
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praysed knight
& yow^r vnthought of Harry chance to meet
For euery honour: fitting on his helme :
Would they weare multitudes: & on my head
My shames redoubled. for the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deeds: for my indignities:
Percy is but my factor: good my lord
To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe
& I will call hime to so strict account
That he shall render euery glory vp :
Yea, euen the slightest worship of his time :
Or I will tare the reckoning from his hart
This in the name of God I promise here:
The w^{ch} if He be pleas'd I shall performe
I doe beseech yow^r Maiesty may salue
The long grown wounds of my intemperance :
If not, the end of life cancells all bands :
& I will die a hundreth thowsand deaths
Ere breake the smallest parcell of my vow.

Enter BLUNT.

King. A hundreth thowsand rebels die in this

Thow shalt haue charg & soueraigne trust herein :
How now good Blunt : thie lookes are full of speed

Blunt. So hath the busines that I come to speake of :
Lord Mortimer of Scottland hath sent word
That Dowglas & the English rebels mett
The eleuenth of this month, at Shrewsbury :
A mighty and a fearefull head they are
(If pmisses be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule playe in a state

King. The earle of Westmerland sett forth to daie :
With hime my sonne lord John of Lancaster :
For this aduertisement is fife daies old
On Wednesdaie next Harry : thow shalt sett forward
On Thursdaie we ourselues will martch ; our meeting
Is Bridgenorth. & Harry yo^w shall March
Through Gloscestershire, by which account
Our busines valued, some twellue daies hence
Our generall forces : at Bridgenorth shall meett.
Our hands are full of busines : Lett's awaye,
Aduantage feeds hime fatt, whill men delay.

Exeunt.

ACT : IIIth.—SCÆN : 3th.

Ente FALSTALFF & BARDOLFF.

Fals. Bardolffe ame not I fallen away vilely scince this last
action : doe I not bate : doe I not dwindle : whie my skine
hanes about me like an old ladies loose gowne. I ame withered
like an old aple-John : well Ile repent & that suddainly,
while I ame in some likeinge. I shalbe out of hart shortly
and then I shall haue noe strength to repent & I haue nott
forgotten what the inside of a church is made of. I ame a
peper-corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a church : company,
villanous company hath been the spoile of me.

Bar. Sir John yow ar so fretfull ; yo^w cannot liue long.

Fals. Whie there is it : come sing me a bawdie song : make me merry : I was as vertuously giuen as a gentleman need to be ; vertuous enough, swore little : dic'd not aboue seauen times a weeke : went to a bawdy-howse not aboue once in a quarter of an hower : paid mony that I borrow'd three or fower times : liued well, & in good compasse, & now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

Bar. Whie yo^w ar so fatt Sr John : y^t yo^w must needs be out of all compasse : out of all reasonable compasse Sir John.

Fals. Doe thow amend thie face & Ile amend my life : thou art our admiall : thow bearest the lanterne in the poope : but 'tis in the nose of thee, thow art the knight of the burying lampe :

Bar. Whie Sr John, my face does yo^w noe harme :

Fals. Noe Ile be sworne I make as good vse of it as many a man doth of a deathes-head or a memento-mori. I neuer see thie face, but I thinke vpon hell-fire and Diues that liued in purple, for there he is in his robes burninge : burying ; if thou weart any way giuen to vertue I would sweare by thie face, my oth should be : By this fire, that's God's angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer : & weart indeed, but for the light in thie face, the sunne of vtter darknes, when thow ranst vp Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse if I did not think that thow hadst bine an Ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire there's noe purchase in mony : O thow art a perpetuall triumph : an euerlasting bone-fire-light : thou hast saued me a thowsand markes in linckes & torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tauerne & taverne, but the sacke that thow hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheap as the dearest chandlers in Europe : I haue mayntained that Sallamander of yowrs with fire any time this two and thirty yeares : God reward me for it.

Bar. Zblood, would my face weare in yow^r belly.

Enter hostesse.

Fals. God mercy: so should I be sure to be hart burned; how now Dame Parlett the hen, haue yo^w inquired yett who pickt my pockett.

Hos. Whie Sr John: what doe yo^w thinke. Sir John, doe yo^w thinke I keepe theeues in my howse: I haue searcht, I haue inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant, the right of a haire was neuer lost in my howse before.

Fals. Ye lye hostesse, Bardolffe was shau'd & lost many a haire & Ile be sworne my pockett was pickt; goe to, yo^w ar a woman: goe.

Hos. Who I: I defie thee: God's light, I was neuer cald so in my owne howse before.

Fals. Go to: I knowe yo^w well enough.

Hos. No Sr John, yo^w doe not know me Sir John; I know yo^w Sr John: yow owe me mony Sir John, & now yo^w picke a quarrell to beguile me of it. I bought yo^w a dozen of shirtts to yo^{wr} backe.

Fals. Doulas: filthie doulas: I haue giuen them away to bakers wiues: they haue made boulders of them.

Hos. Now as I am a true woman. Holland of eight shilling an ell: yow owe mony here besides Sir John for yow^r diet & by-drinkings & mony lent yo^w. fower & twenty pownds.

Fals. He had his part of it: lett hime paie.

Hos. He alas: he is poore: he has nothing:

Fals. How: poore: Looke vpon his face, what call yo^w rich: lett hime coine his nose, lett hime coyne his cheekes. Ile not paie a denyer: What: will yo^w make a younker of me shall I not take myne ease in myne inn: but I shall haue my pockett pickt. I haue lost a sceale ring of my grand-fathers worth fourty marke.

Hos. O Jesu: I haue heard the prince tell hime I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fals. How: the Prince is a Jacke: a sneake-cup: Zblood & he weare here. would cudgell hime like a dog, if he would saie so.

ACT: IIIth.—SCÆN: 4th.

Enter the Prince & POYNES marchinge and FALSTALFF meets hime playing on his Trunchion like a fife.

Fals. How now Lad: is the wind in that dore yfaith: must we all march:

Bar. Yea too, & two, Newgate-fashion

Hos. My lord heare me:

Prin. What saiest thou; Mistris Quickly: How does thie husband: I loue hime well, he is an honest man:

Hos. Good my lord heare me

Fals. Prethee lett her alone, & list to me.

Prin. The other night, I fell asleepe heere behind the arroe & had my pockett pickt; this howse is turn'd bawdy house they picke pocketts.

Prin. What didst thou lose Jacke:

Fals. Willt thou beleue me Hall, three or fower bonds of forty pownd apeece & a seale ring of my grandfathers

Prin. A trifle, some eight-peny matter

Hos. So I told hime my lord & said I heard yow^r Grace say so, & my lord he speakes most vilely of yo^w: like a foule mouth'd man as he is, & said he would cudgill yo^w

Prin. What he did not:

Hos. There's neither faith truth nor womanhood in me else:

Fals. There's noe more faith in thee then in a stued prune, nor no more truth in thee then in a drawne foxe, & for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee: goe yo^w thing: goe.

Hos. Say, what thing: what thing:

Fals. What thing: whie a thing to thanke God on:

Hos. I ame noe thing to thanke God on. I would thow shouldst well know it. I ame an honest mans wife : & setting thy knight-hood aside, thow art a knaue to call me so :

Fals. Setting thie woman-hood aside thow art a beast to saie otherwise :

Hos. Saie : what beast : thow knaue thow :

Fals. What beast : whie an otter :

Prin. An otter : S^r John : whie an otter :

Fals. Whie : shees neither fish, nor flesh : a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hos. Thow art an vnjust man to saie soe ; thow or any man knowes where to haue me : thow knaue thow :

Prin. Thow saiest true hostesse, & he slanders thee most grossly

Hos. So he doth yow my lord, & said this other daie yow^w ought hime a thowsand pound.

Prin. Sirra : doe I owe yow^w a thowsand pownd.

Fals. A thowsand pownd Hall : a million : thie loue is worth a million ; thow owest me thie loue.

Hos. Nay my lord he cald yow^w Jack, & saide he would cudgell yow^w :

Fals. Did I Bardolffe.

Bar. Indeed Sir John : yow said so :

Fals. Yea, if he said my ringe was copper :

Prin. I saie 'tis copper : dars't thow be as good as thie word now.

Fals. Whie Hall ; thow knowest as thow art but a man I dare ; but as thow art a prince I feare thee, as I feare the roareing of a lions whelpe.

Prin. And whie not as the lion.

Fals. The king himeselfe is to be feard as the lion : dost thow think Ile feare thee, as I feare thie father : nay & I doe, I pray God my girdle breake :

Prin. O if it should, how would thie gutts fall about thie knes : but sirra, there's noe roome for faith truth nor honesty

in this bosome of thine. It is all fill'd vp w^t gutts, and midriffe; charg an honest woman with pickeing thie pockett, whie thou horeson impudent imbost rascall, if there weare any thinge in thie pockett but tauerne reckonings memorandums of bawdie howeses & on poore penyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded: if thie pockett weare inricht with any other iniuryes but these I am a villaine: & yett thou wilt stand to it, yow will not pockett vp wronge. art thou not ashamed:

Fals. Dost thou heare Hall: thou knowest in the state of innocency Adame fell & what should poore Jacke Falstalffe doe in the daies of villanye: thou seest I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty: yo^w confesse then yo^w pickt my pockett.

Prin. It apeares so by the story:

Fals. Hostesse I forgiue thee; goe make ready breakfast: loue thie husband, looke to thie servants. cherish thie guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I ame pacified still: nay I prethee be gone.

Exit HOSTESSE.

Now Hall, to the news at Court; for the robbery lad; how is that answered.

Prin. O my sweet beefe, I must still be good angell to thee: the mony is paid backe againe.

Fals. O I doe not like that paieing backe; 'tis a double labor

Prin. I ame good friends w^t my father & man doe anything:

Fals. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost: and doe it with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Doe my lord.

Prin. I haue pcured the Jacke, a charge of foote:

Fals. I would it had beene of horse: wheare shall I find one that can steale well: O for a fine theife of the age of two & twenty or there about. I ame hainously vnprovided: well God

be thanked for these rebels ; they offend none but the
vertuous : I laud them. I praise them :

Prin. Bardolffe :

Bar. My lord :

Prin. Goe beare this lettⁿ to lord John of Lancaster :
To my brother John ; this to my lord of Westmerland
Goe Poynes to horse, for thow & I
Haue thirty miles yett to ride ere diñer time :
Jacke, meet me tomorrowe in the Temple Hall
At two a'clock in the afternoone :
There shalt thou know thie charge & there rec^d
Mony & order for their furniture :
The land is burming. Percy stands on high
& either they, or we, must lower lye.

Fals. Rare words, braue world. Hostesse : my breakfast :
come :
O I could wish this tauerne weare my drum.

Exeunt.

ACT. III^{tii}.—SCÆN : 5^{ta}.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER & DOWGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot ; if speakeing truth
In this fine age : weare not thought flattery
Such attrubution should the Dowglas haue
As not a souldier of this seasons stampe
Should goe so generall : currant through the world :
By God I cannot flatter. I defie
The tongues of soothers ; but a brauer place ;
In my harts loue : hath noe man then yow^r selfe :
Nay taske me to my word : aproue me lord :

Dow. Thow art the king of honour :
Noe man so potent breathes vpon the ground
But I will beard hime.

Enter one w^t letters.

Hot. Do so, & 'tis well ; what letters hast thou heare :
I can but thanke you :

Messen. These letters come from your father

Hot. Letters from him : whie comes he not himselfe :

Mes. He cannot come my lord : he is greivous sike :

Hot. Zounds : how has he leisure to be sicke
In such a justling time : who leads his power :
Vnder whose gouernment come they along :

Mes. His lett^r beares his mynd, not I :

Wor. I prethee tell me doth he keep his bed :

Mes. He did my lord, fower daies ere I sett forth
& at the time of my departure thence
He was much feard by his phisition

Wor. I would the state of time had first been wholle
Ere he by sickenes had been visited :
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now : droope now : this sicknes doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise :
'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe
He writts me here, that inward sicknes
& that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it mette
To lay so dangerous & deare a trust
On any soule remou'd, but on his owne :
Yett doth he giue vs bould aduertisment
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs :
For, as he writts, there is no quailing now
Because the king is certaynly possest
Of all our purposses ; What saie you to it :

Wor. Your fathers sicknes is a mayne to us :

Hot. A perilous gash ; a very lymme lopt off
& yett in faith ; it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall find it : weare it good
To see the exact wealth of all our states
All at on cast : to sett so rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of on dubtfull hower
It weare not good, for therein should we read
The very bottome, & the soule of hope
The very list, the very vttmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dow. Faith, & so we should.

Where now remaynes a sweet reversion
We may boldly spend vpon the hop of what tis to com in
A comfort of retyrement liues in this

Hot. A randevous, a home to fly vnto
If that the diuell & mischance look bigg
Vpon the maidenhead of our afaires :

Wor. But yett I would yow^r father had been here
The quality & heire of our attempt
Brookes no diuision : it wilbe thought
By some that know not whie he is awaye
That wisdom, loyalty, & meere dislike
Of our proceedings kept this earle from hence :
& thinke how such an aprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction
& breed a kind of question in our cause :
For well ye know wee of the offering side
Must keep aloofe from strict abitrement :
& stope all sight-holes, euery loope from whence
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs.
This absence of yow^r father drawes a curtaine
That shewes the ignorant a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. Yo^w straine to far :

I rather of his absents mak this vse :
It lends a lustre & more great opinion
A larger care to yow^r great enterprize

Then if the earle weare heare ; for men must thinke
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To push against the kingdome, w^t hees helpe
We shall o'rturne it topsie turuy downe :
Yett all goes well, yett all our joynts are euen,

Dow. As hart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland at this deame of feare.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My coosine Vernon, wellcom by my soule :

Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a wellcom lord
The earle of Westmerland seauen thowsand strong :
Is marching hither-wards ; with prince John.

Hot. Noe harme, what more :

Ver. And further I haue learnd
The king himeselfe in person hath sett forth
Or hither-wards intended speedily
With strong & mighty preparation :

Hot. He shall be wellcome too, where is his sonne
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales
& his cum-rads ; that dast the world aside
& bid it passe :

Ver. All furnisht : all in armes :
All plum'd like estredges that w^t the wind
Bayted like eagles, haueing lately bath'd :
Glittering in golden coates, like images :
As full of spiritt as the month of May
& gorgeous as the sunne at midsum̃er,
Wanton as youthfull goats, wild as young bulls :
I saw young Harry w^t his beuer on,
His cushes on his thighes ; gallantly arm'd
Rise from the ground : like fethered Mercury
& valted with such ease into his seate
As if an angell dropt downe from the clouds
To turne & wind a firy Pegasus.

& witch the world with noble horsemanship :

Hot. No more, noe more, worse then the sunne in March
This praise doth norish agues : lett them come :
They come like sacrificies in their trime
& to the fiere-eide maid of smokie warre
All hott & bleeding will we offer theñe
The mayled Mars shall on his alter sitt
Vp to the eares in blood : I am on fier
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh :
& yett not ours : come, lett me take my horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales
Harry to Harry : shall not horse to horse
Meett & nere part, till on drop downe a coarse
O that Glendower weare come :

Ver. There is more newes
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along
He cannot draw his foreteene daies

Dow. That's the worst tidings ; that I heare of yett

Wor. I by my faith that beares a frosty sownd :

Hot. What may the kings whole battell reach vnto

Ver. To thirty thowsand.

Hot. Forty lett it be :

My father & Glendower, being both away
The powers of vs, may serue so greate a daie
Com ; lett us take a muster speedily
Doomes daie is nere, dye all, dye merily :

Dow. Talke not of dyeing, I ame out of feare
Of death, or deathes-hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt.

ACT : III^{ti}.—SCÆN : 6^{ta}.

Enter FALS : & BARDOLFFE.

Fals. Bardolfe: gett thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle

of sake, our soulders shall march through weele to Sutton Cop-hill tonight.

Bar. Will yow giue me mony captaine :

Fals. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell :

Fals. And if it doe ; take it for thie labor : & if it make twenty take them all ; Ile answear the coynage bid my leiutenant, Peto meett me at Townes end :

Bar. I will captaine : farewell

Exit BAR.

Fals. If I be ashamed of my souldiers ; I am a sows't gurnett : I haue misvsed the kings presse damnably I haue gott in exchange of on hundreth & fifty souldiers, three hundreth & ode pownds : I presse me nonne, but good howseholders, yeomans sonnes : Inquire me out contracted batchelors, such as haue bine askt twise one the banes : such a comodity of warme slaues, as had as liue heare the diuell as a drum, such as feare the report of a caliuier, more then a strook-foule, or a hurt wild duck : I prest me none but such tost & butter with harts in their bellyes noe bigger then pines heads ; & they haue bought out their sirvices : & now my whole charge consistes of ancients corporales, lieuetenants, gentlemen of companyes, slaues as raged as Lazerus in the painted cloth where the Gluttons doges licked his sores ; & such as indeed weare neuer souldiers ; but discarded vnjust seruingmen, younger sonnes : to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, & ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calme world, & long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged then an old fac'd ancient : and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their servises, that yow would thinke : that I had a hundreth & fifty totered prodigales, Lately come from swine keepeing, from eateing draffe & huskes, a mad fellowe mett me on the way, & told me I had vnloaded all the gibbitts & prest the dead bodies : noe eye hath seen such skar-crowes : Ile not

march through Couentry with them, thats flatt: nay and the villaines march wide betwixt theire leges as if they had gyues on, for indeed I had the most of them out of prison: there's not a shirt & a halfe in all my company & the halfe shirt is two napkins takt together, & throwne ouer the shoulders, like a haralds coate without sleeues, & the shirt to saie the truth stolne from my host of saint Albones, or the Red-nose In-keeper of Dauintry; but thats all on, they'l find lynnen enough one euery side.

Exit.

ACT: IIIth.—SCÆN: 7^{ma}.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOWGLAS, & VERNON.

Hot. Weele fight w^t hime tonight:

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. Yo^w giue hime then aduantage:

Ver. Not a whitt:

Hot. Whie so, Lookes he not supply:

Ver. So doe we:

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull:

Wor. Good coosine be aduisde, stir not to night:

Ver. Doe not my lord.

Dow. Yo^w doe not counsell well.

Yo^w speake it out of feare; & cold hart:

Ver. Doe me noe slander Dowglas; by my life,
& I dare well maintayne it with my life;

If well respected-honour bid me on:

I hold as little counsell w^t weake feare

As yo^w my lord, or any Scot that this daie liues:

Lett it be seene tomorrow in the battell, w^{ch} of us feares:

Ver. Content.

Dow. Yea or to-night

Hot. To night saie I:

Ver. Come, come, it may not bee :
 I wonder much, being men of such great leading as yow^w ar
 That yow^w foresee not such impediments.
 Drag back our expedition, certaine horse,
 Of my coosine Vernons, are not yett come vp :
 Yow^r vncl^e Worcesters horse came but to daie
 & now theire prid & mettall is asleepe :
 Theire courag with hard labor tam & dull,
 That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himeself :

Hot. So ar the horses of the enimye :
 In generall journey lated & brought lowe
 The better part of ours are full of rest :

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth our :
 For God's-sake coosine, stay till all come in.

ACT : III^{ti}.—SCÆN : 8^{ua}.

The trumpet sounds a parly. Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king
 If yow^w vouch-safe me heareing ; & respect :

Hot. Wellcome Sr Walte Blunt : & would to God
 Yow^w weare of our determination :
 Some of vs loue yow^w well, & euen those some
 Enuy yow^r great deseruing & good name
 Because yow ar not of our quallity
 But stand against vs like an enemy :

Blunt. And God defend ; but still I should stand so
 So long as out of limitt & true rule
 Yow^w stand against anoynted maiesty :
 But to my charg, the king hath sent to know
 The nature of yow^r greefes, & wherevpon
 Yow^w coniure from the breast of ciuill peace
 Such bloody hostillity, teaching his dutious land
 Audacious cruelty : if that the kinge

Haue any-way yow^r good deserts forgott :
 Which he confesseth to be manifold :
 He bids yo^w name yow^r greefs, & w^t all speed
 Yo^w shall haue yow^r desires with interest
 & pardon absolute for yow^r selfe & these
 Herein mislead by yow^r suggestion :

Hot. The king is kind & well we know, the king
 Knowes at what time to p^rmise : when to paie :
 My father, my vncl^e, & my selfe
 Did giue hime that some royallty he weares
 & when he was not sixe-&-twenty-strong :
 Sicke in the worlds regard ; wretched & low :
 A poore vnminde^d outlawe, sneaking home :
 My father gaue hime wellcome to the shore :
 & when he heard hime sweare & vow to God
 He came but to the Duke of Lancaster
 To sue his liuery & beg his peace
 W^t teares of inocency & tearmes of zeale
 My father in kindhart & pittie mou'd
 Swore hime asistance & perform'd it too :
 Now, when the lords & barrons of the realme
 Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to hime
 The more & lesse came in w^t cap & knee
 Met hime in boroughs, cittyes, villages,
 Attend hime on bridges, stood in lanes
 Laide gifts before hime ; profferd hime their oathes :
 Gaue hime their heires. as pages followed hime
 Euen at the heeles in golden multitudes :
 He presently : as greatnes knowes itselfe :
 Steps me a little higher then his vowe
 Made to my father : while his blood was poore
 Vpon the naked shore at Rauespurgh
 & now forsooth takes on hime to reforme
 Some certaine edicts & some straight decrees :

That laie to heauy on the common wealth
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weep
 Ouer his countries wronges & by this face
 This seeming brow of Justice did he winne
 The harts of all: that he did angle for:
 Proceeded further: cut me off the heads
 Of all the fauoritts that the absent king
 In deputation left behind hime here
 When he was personall in the Irish warrs

Blunt. Tut: I came not to heare this:

Hot. Then to the poynt.

In short time after, he depos'd the king
 Soone after that depriu'd hime of his life
 & in the neck of that, taskt the whole state:
 To make that worse, suffered his kinseman March
 Who is, if euery owner weare plac'd
 Indeed his king: to be ingag'd in Wales
 There w^t out ransome to lye forfeited
 Disgrac'd me in my happie victories
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence
 Rated my vncl from the counsell board
 In rage dismis'd my father from the court
 Broake oth on oth: committed wrong on wrong:
 & in conclution droue vs to seeke out
 This head of safty, & withall to prie
 Into his title: the which we finde
 To indirect for long continewance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answeare to the kinge

Hot. Not so Sir Walter: weele w^tdrawe awhile
 Goe to the king, & lett there be impaund
 Some surety for a safe returne againe
 & in the morning early shall my vncl
 Bring hime our purpose: & so farewell:

Blun. I would yow would except of grace & loue

Hot. And may be, so we shall:

Blunt. Praie God yo^w doe:

Exeunt seuerally.

ACT: IVth.—SCÆN: 1^a.

Enter the King, Prince of WALES, JOHN of LANCASTER

Sir WALTER BLUNT & FALSTAFFE.

King. How bloodily the sunne begins to peere
Aboue yon huskie hill: the daie lookes pale
At his distemperature:

Prin. The southerne wind
Doth plaie the trumpet to his purposes
& by hallow whistling in the leaues
Foretells a tempest & a blustering daie

King. Then w^t the losers lett it simpathize:
For nothing can seeme foule to those that wiñe

The trumpets soundes. Enter WORCESTER.

Kinge. How now my lord of Worcester, 'tis not well
That yo^w & I should meet vpon such tearmes
As now we meet: yo^w haue deceiued yow^r trust
& made vs doffe our easie robes of peace
To crush our old limes in vngentle steele
This is not well my lord, this is not well:
What saie yo^w to it: will yo^w againe vnknitt
This churlish knett: of all abhorred warre:
& moue in that obeidient orbe againe
Where yo^w did giue a faire & naturall light:
& be noe more an exhal'd meteor
A prodigie of feare, & a portent
Of broched mischeife to the vnborne times

Wor. Heare me my liege
For my owne part I could be well content

To entertayne the lag-end of my life
 W^t quiett howers ; for I protest
 I haue not sought the daie of this dislike :

King. Yow haue not sought it : how comes it then :

Fals. Rebellion laie in his way & he found it

Prin. Peace chewet, peace :

Wor. It pleas'd yow^r Maiestie to turne yow^r lookes
 Of fauore from my selfe & all our howse :
 & yett I must remember yow my lord
 We weare the first & deerest of yow^r friends
 For yo^w my stafe of offece did I breake
 In Richards time, & posted daie & night
 To meet yo^w on the way & kisse yow^r hand
 When yett yow weare in place & in acount
 Nothing so strong & fortinate as I :
 I was my selfe, my brother, & his sonne
 That brought yo^w home, & boldly did out-date
 The danger of the time yo^w swore to vs
 & yo^w did sweare that oath at Dancaster,
 That yo^w did nothing of purpose against the state
 Nor clayme noe further, then yow^r new-falne-right
 The seate of Gaunt, Duckdome of Lancaster
 To this, we sware our aide, but in short space
 It rain'd downe fortune showering on yow^r head
 & such a flood of greatnes fell on yow :
 What with our help, what w^t the absent king,
 That with the iniuryes of wanton time
 The seeming sufferances that yo^w had borne
 & the contrarious winds that held the king
 So long in the vnluckye Irish warrs :
 That all in England did repute hime dead :
 And from this swarme of faire aduantages
 Yo^w tooke occasion to be quicklie woo'd,
 To grip the generall swaye into yow^r hand,
 Forgott yow^r oth to vs at Dancaster :

& being fed by vs, yo^w vs'd us so,
 As that vngentle gull, the cuckoes bird
 Vseth the sparrow, did opresse our nest
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulke
 That euen our loue, durst not come neere yow^r sight
 For feare of swallowing, but with nimble wing
 We weare infors't for safty-sake to fly
 Out of yow^r sight & raise this present head
 Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
 As yo^w yow^r selfe haue forg'd against yow^rselfe
 By vnkind vsage, dangerous countenance,
 By violation of all faith & troth
 Sworne to vs in yow^r younger enterprise

King. These thinges indeed, you haue articulate
 Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 W^t some fine couller that may please the eye
 Of fickle changlings, & poore discontents,
 Which gap & rub the elbow at the newes
 Of hurly burly inouation:
 & neuer yett did insurrection want:
 Nor moody beggar starueing for a time
 Of pell-mell hauocke & confution.

Prin. In both yow^r armis there is many a soule
 Shall paie full dearly for this encounter
 If once they joyne in tryall: tell yow^r nephew
 The Prince of Wales: doth joyne w^t all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes
 This present enterprise sett of his head
 I doe not thinke a brauer gentleman
 More actiue, more valiant, or more valliant younge
 More dareing or more bold is yett aliue
 To grace this latter age w^t noble deed.
 For my part I may speake it to my shame
 I haue a trewant beene to chiualtry

& so I heare he doth account me too
 Yet this before my fathers Maiestye
 I am content that he shall take the ods
 Of his great name & estimation :
 & will to saue the blood on either side
 Trie fortune w^t hime in single fight

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we v^eture thee
 Albeit considertions infinit
 Doe make against it, no good Worcester, no,
 We loue our people well, euen those we loue
 That ar misled vpon yo^wr coosins part :
 & will they take take the offer of our grace
 Both he & they & yo^w, yea euery man,
 Shalbe my friend againe & Ile be his :
 So tell yow^r cozen & bring me word
 What he will doe : but if he will not yeild
 Rebuke & dread correction waight on us
 And they shall doe their office : so be gone :
 We will not now be trubled with replie
 We offer faire ; take it aduisedly :

Exit WORCESTER.

Prin. It will not be excepted one my life
 The Dowglas & the Hotspur, both together
 Ar confident against the world in armes

King. Hence therefore euery leader to his charge
 For on their answeare we will sett on them :
 & God defend us as our cause is just.

Exeunt. Manent Prince & FALSTALFF.

Fals. Hall, if thou see me downe in the battell & bestird
 me so, 'tis a point of friendship :

Prin. Nothing but a colossus : can doe thee that friendship
 saie thy praier & farewell.

Fals. I would it weare bed time Hall, & all well.

Prin. Whie thou owest God a death :

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loath to paie Hime before His time, what need I be so forward w^t hime that cales not on me. Well, 'tis noe matter, honour prickes me on: yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on: How then, can honour sett to a leg:—noe, nor an arme, or take away the greefe of a wound: no, honour hath noe skill in surgery then, no: what is honour: a word. What is that word honour: aire: a trime reckoning: Who hath it: He that died a Wednesday. Doth he feele it: noe. Doth he heare it:—no. 'tis insensible then: Yea to the dead. But will it not liue w^t the liueing: noe. Whie:—Detraction will not suffer it. therefore I'le none of it: honour is a meere suchion & so ends my catechisme. *Exit.*

ACT: IVth.—SCÆN: 2^{da}.

Enter WORCESTER and Si^r RICHARD VERNON:

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, Sr Richard:
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. Tware best he did:

Wor. Then are we all vndon:
It is not possible, it cannot bee
The king would keep his word iu loueing vs.
He will suspect us still, & find a time
To punish this offence in others faults.
Supposition, all our liues, shalbe stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht & lockt vp:
Will haue a wildd trick of his ancesters:
Looke how he can, or sad, or merily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes:
& we shall feed like oxen at a stall
The better cherisht, still the neerer death:
My nephewes trespasse may be well forgott

It hath the excuse of youth, & heate of blood
 & an adopted name of priuiledg
 A haire-brain'd Hotspur gouern'd by a spleene
 All his offences liue vpon my head
 And on his fathers: we did traine hime on
 And his corruption being tane from vs:
 We as the spring of all, shall paye for all:
 Therefore good coosen lett not Henry know
 In any case the offer of the King.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Ver. Deliuier what yo^w will; Ile saie 'tis so, here come
 your coosen.

Hot. My vnclie is returnd
 Deliuier vp my lord of Westmerland:
 Vnclie, what newes:

Wor. The king will bid yo^w battell presently

Dow. Defie hime by the lord of Westmerland

Hot. Lord Dowglas, goe yo^w & tell hime so:

Dow. Mary & shall: & verry willingly:

Exit DOWGLAS.

Wor. There is noe seemige mercy in the king

Hot. Did yo^w. beg any: God-forbid:

Wor. I told hime gently of our grevaces:
 Of his oath breaking: w^{ch} he mended thus
 By now forswearing that he is forsworne
 He calls vs rebels, traytors & will scourg
 With hawty armes this hatefull name in vs.

Enter DOWGLAS.

Dow. Arme gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
 A braue defieance in kinge Henryes teeth
 & Westmemerland that was ingag'd did beare it
 W^{ch} cannot chuse but bring hime quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the King
& nephew chaleng'd yo^w to single fight.

Hot. O would the quarrell lay vpon our heads
& that noe man might draw short breath to daie
But I & Harry Monmouth : tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking ; seem'd it in contempt

Ver. Noe by my soule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a challenge vrgd mor modestly :
Vnlesse a brother should a brother draw
To gentle exercise & prooffe of armes :
He gaue yo^w all the duties of a man
Trim'd vp yow^r praises with a princely tongue
Spoke yow^r deseruings like a chronicle :
Makeing yo^w euer better then his praise
By still dispraising praise ; valued with yo^w
& w^{ch} became hime, like a prince indeed
He made a blushing citall of himeselfe
& chid his trewant yeouth w^t such a grace
As if he mastered there ; a duble spirit
Of teaching & of learning instantly :
There did he pause, but lett me tell the world
If he outliue the envy of this daie
England will neuer owe so sweet a hope
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse :

Hot. Coosen I thinke thow art enamored
On his follies ; neuer did I heare,
Of any prince so wild at liberty :
But be he, as he will, yett once ere night
I will imbrace hime w^t a soulders arme
That he shall shrink vnder my curtesie
Arme, arme with speed, & fellows, souldiers, friends,
Better consider what yo^w haue to doe
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue
Can lift yow^r blood vp with perswation :

Enter a messenger :

Mes. My lord here ar letters for yo^w

Hot. I cannot read them now

O gentlemen the time of life is short

To spend that shortnes bacely, weare to long

If life did ride vpon a dialls poynt :

Still ending at the ariual of an hower :

& if we liue, we liue to tread on kings

If die, braue death when princes die w^t us

Now for our consciences, the armes is faire

When the intent for beareing them is just.

Mes. My lord prepare : the king comes on apace

Hot. I thanke hime, that he cutts me from my tale

For I proffes not talking : only this :

Lett each man doe his best & here draw I a sword

Whose temper I intend to staine

With the best blood, y^t I can meete w^t all

In the aduenture of this perilous daie

Now esperance Percy, & sett on :

Sound all the lofty instruments of warre :

& by that musicke lett us all imbrace

From Heauen to earth soñ of us neuer shall :

A second time doe such a curtesie :

Here they imbrace ; the trumpetts sound :

ACT : IVth.—SCÆN : 3th.

*The King enters with his power, alarme to the battell ; then
enter DOWGLAS & Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

Blunt. What is thie name : that in battell thus thow
crossest me,

What honour dost thow seeke, vpon thie head.

Dow. Know then my name is Dowglas,

& I doe haunt thee in the battell thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king

Blunt. They tell thee true :

Dow. The lord of Stafford deare to daie hath brought
Thie likenes, for instead of thee King Harry
This sword hath ended hime : so shall it thee
Vnles thou yeild thee as a prisoner

Blunt. I was not born to yeild, thou proud Scot :
& thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, DOWGLAS kills BLUNT.

Then enters HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumph ouer a Scot

Dow. All's done, all's won : here breathles lies the kinge

Hot. Where

Dow. Here.

Hot. This Dowglas : no, I knowe this face full well :
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt
Semblably furnisht like the king himeselfe

Dow. Ah : foole, goe with thie soule whether it goes
A borrowed title hast thou bought to deare :
Whie didst't thou tell me, that thou wert a king

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coates

Dow. Now by my sword I will kill all his coates
I murder all his wardrobe peece by peece
Vntill I meet the king.

Hot. Vp and awaie :

Our soulders stand full fairely for the daie.

Exeunt :

ACT : IVth.—SCÆN : 4th.

Alarme : Enter FALSTALFFE solus.

Fals. Though I could scape shott free at London I feare

the shott here: here's noe scoreing but vpon the pate. soft who ar yo^w: Sir Walter Blunt, there's honour for yo^w, here's noe vanity, I ame as hot as molten lead, & as heauey too, God keep lead out of me, I need no more waight then my owne bowells. I haue led my rag of muffines where they ar pepered, there's not three of my hundreth & fifty left aliue, & they ar for the townes-end to beg dureing life: but whoe comes here.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What standest thow idle here: lend me thie sword
Many a noble man lyes starke & stiffe
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemyes,
Whose deathes ar yet vnreveng'd:
I prethee lend me thie sworde

Fals. O Hall, prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile: Turke Gregorye neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this daie: I haue payd Percy, I haue made hime sure.

Prin. He is indeed: & liueing to kill thee
I prethee lend me thie sword:

Fals. Nay, before God Hall, if Percy be aliue, thou gett'st not my sword, but take my pistoll if thow wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, what: is it in that case

Fals. I Hall, tis hott, theres that will sack a citty

The Prince drawes it out, & finds it a bottle of sake.

Prin. What is it a time to jest & dalley now

He throwes the bottle at hime & exit.

Fals. If Percy be aliue Ile perce hime, if he doe come in my way. so: if he doe not: if I come in his willingly, Lett hime make a carbonado of me: I like not such grinneing honour as Sir Walter hath: giue me life, w^{ch} if I can saue, so; if not, honour comes vnlookt for, & theres an end. *Exit.*¹

¹ In Deryng's handwriting.

ACT: IVth.—SCÆN: 5th.

Alarme: excursions. Enter the King; the Prince:

Lord JOHN of LANCASTER.

King. I prethee Harry w^ddrawe thieselfe: thow bledest to much:

Lord John of Lancaster, goe yow w^t hime:

L. John. Not I my lord; vnlesse I did bleed too

Prin. I beseech yow^r Maiestie make vp

Lest yow^r retirement doe amaze yow^r friends:

King. I will doe so, retire braue, sonne unto thie tent.

Prin. Retire my lord: no, God forbid a shallow search should driue

The Prince of Wales, from such a feild as this:

Where staine nobillity lies troden one¹

& rebells armes: triumph in massacres

John. We breath to long; com royall brother; come.

Our duty this way lyes; for Gods-sake come.

Exit.

Prin. By God thow hast deceiued me Lancaster:

I did not think thee lord, of such a spiritt

Before I lou'd thee as a brother John:

But now I doe respect thee as my soule

King. I sawe hime hold Lord Percy at the poynt,

With lustious maintenance; then I did looke for

Of such an vngrowne warriar:

Prin. O this boy lends mettall to vs all.

Exit.

Enter DOWGLAS.

Dow. Another king; they grow like Hidras heads

I ame the Dowglas, fatall to all those

¹ Originally "downe."

That weare those cullors on them ; what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king

King. The king himeselfe, who Dowglas greeues at hart
So many of his shadowes thou hast mett
& not the king : I haue to boyes :
Seeke Percy & thie selfe, about the field
But seeing thou falls't on me so luckily
I will assaie thee, & defend thieselfe

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeitt :
& yett infaith thou bearest thee like a king :
But myne I ame sure thou art, who ere thou be,
& thus I winne thee :

They fight, the kinge beinge in danger

Enter Prince of WALES.

Prin. Hold vp thie head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp agayne : the spiritts
Of valliant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt ar in my armes,
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee
Who neuer promiseth ; but he meanes to paie.

They fight ; DOWGLAS flyeth.

Cheerly my lord, how fares yow^r grace
Sir Nicholas Gawsie : hath for succour sent :
& so hath Clifton : Ile to Cliftion straight

King. Stay, and breath awhile :
Thou hast redeem'd thie lost opinion
& shewed thou makst some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me

Prin. O God, they did me to much iniury
That euer said I harkened to yow^r death
If it weare so : I might haue lett alone
The insulting hand of Dowglas ouer yow^w
Which would haue beene as speedy in yow^r end

As all the poysonous potions in the world
& sau'd the treacherous labor of yow^r son

King. Make vp to Clifton, Ile to S. Thomas Gawsey.

Exit Kinge.

ACT: IV^{ti}.—SCÆN: 6^{ta}.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not thow art Harry Monmuth

Prin. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name

Hot. My name is Harry Percy:

Prin. Whie then I see a very valliant rebell of that name
I ame the prince of Wales, & think not Percy:

To share with me in glory any more:

Two starrs keep not there motion in on sphere

Nor can on England brook a double raigne

Of Harry Percy: & the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it Harry, for the hower is come

To end the on of vs, & would to God,

This name in armes: weare now as great as myne

Prin. Ile make it greater: ere I part from thee

And all thie budding honours on thie crest

Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thie vanityes:

They fight. Enter FALSTALFFE.

Fals. Well said Hall: to it Hall, nay: yow shall find noe
boyes playe here: I can tell yo^w

*Enter DOWGLAS; he fightes w^t FALSTALFFE: he fals downe as
if he weare dead; the Prince killeth PERCEY.*

Hot. Oh Harry thow hast robd me of my youth

I better brooke the losse of brittle life

Then those proud titles thow hast wone of me

They wound my thoughts ; worse then the sword my flesh
 But thoughts the slaue of liffe, & sometimes foole :
 & time that takes suruay of all the world,
 Must haue a stop : O I could prophesie
 But that the earth, & cold hand of death :
 Lyes on my tongue. No Percy : thow art dust
 & foode for :——

Prin. For wormes braue Percy : fare thee well great hart
 Ill weau'd Ambition, how much art thow shrounke :
 When that this body did containe a spiritt
 A kingdome for it : was to smalle a bownd :
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is roome enough : this earth that beares the dead
 Beares not aliue so stout a gentleman :
 If thow weart sinsible of curtesie
 I should not make so great a shew of zeale
 But lett my fauours hid thie mangled face
 & euen in thie behalfe Ile thanke my selfe
 For doeing these faire rights of tendernes
 Adiew : & take thie praise with thee to Heauen :
 Thie Ignomy sleepe w^t thee in the graue
 But not remembred in thie epitaph.

He spieth FALSTALFFE on the ground.

What : old acquaintance, cold not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life : poore Jack farewelle,
 I could haue better spar'd a better man
 O I should haue a heauey misse of thee
 If I weare much in loue with vanity :
 Death hath not strooke so faire a deare to daie
 Though many dearer in this bloody fraye :
 Imbowell'd will I see thee ; by & by :
 Till then in blood by noble Percy lye.

FALSTALFFE riseth vp.

Fals. Imbowell'd : if thow imbowell me to daie : Ile giue yow

leauē to powder me : & eate me too to morrow Zblood. twas time to counterfeitt, or that hott termagant Scot had paid me scot & lott too : counterfiet : I ame no counterfeitt : to die is to be a counterfeitt : for he is but a counterfeitt of a man : who hath not the life of a man. But to counterfeitt dyeing : when a man thereby liueth : is no counterfeitt : but the true & perfect image of life indeed : The better part of vallour is discreation, in the which better part : I haue saued my life : Zounds : I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy : though he be dead : how if he should counterfeitt too & rise : by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeitt : therefore Ile make hime sure : yea, & Ile sweare I killd hime : whie may not he rise as well as I : Nothinge confuts me but eyes, & nobody sees me : therefore sirra, w^t a new wound in yow^r thigh, come yow along with me.

ACT : IVth—SCÆN : 7^{ma}.

He takes vp HOTSPUR on his backe : Enter Prince & JOHN of LANCASTER.

Prin. Come brother John, full brauly hast thow flesht Thie maiden sword.

John. But softe, who haue we here :
Did not yo^w tell me this fatt man was dead :

Prin. I did, I sawe hime dead :
Breathles, & bleeding on the ground ; art thow aliue
Or is it fantasie, that plaies vpon ouer eye-sight
I prethee speak : we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares : thow art not what thow seem'st

Fals. Noe that's certaine : I ame not a double man, but if I be not Jacke Falstalffe, then am I a Jack : there is Percy : if yow^r father will doe me any honour, so : if not, lett hime kill the next Percy himeselfe : I looke to be either earle, or duke, I can asure yo^w :

Prin. Whie Percy I kill'd myselfe, & saw the dead :

Fals. Didst thou : Lord : Lord : how the world is giuen to lying : I grant yow I was downe & out of breath : & so was he : but we rose both at an instant & fought a long hower by Shrewsbury clocke. If I may be beleued, so. if not, lett them that should reward valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death : I gaue hime this wound in the thigh : if the man weare liueing : & would deny it : Zounds I would make hime eate a piece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale : that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow : brother John
Com bring yow^r luggage nobly one yow^r backe
For my part if a lye may doe thee good
Ile guild it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A retreat is sounded :

Prin. The trumpetts sound retreat : the daie is ours :
Com brother : letts to the highest of the field
To see what friends ar liueing, who ar dead.

Exeunt.

Fals. Ile follow as they say : for reward : he that rewards me, God reward hime : If I doe grow great, Ile growe lesse : for Ile purge & leaue sacke : & liue cleanly as a noble-man should doe.

ACT : IVth.—SCÆN : 8th.

*The trumpets sounde ; Enter the Kinge : Prince of WALES,
Lord JOHN of LANCASTER : with WORCESTER prisoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke :
Ill spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon : & tearmes of loue to all of yow^r :
& would'st thou turne our offers contrary
Misuse the tenor of thie kinsmans trust
Three knights vpon our party slaine to daie

A noble earle, & many a creature else
 Had been aliue this hower.
 If like a Christian thow hadst truly borne
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence :

Wor. What I haue don : my safty vrg'd me to
 & I imbrace this fortune patiently
 Scince not to be avoyded ; it falls on me :

King. Beare Worcester to the death :
 Other offenders we will pause vpon
 How goes the field :

Prin. The noble Scot Lord Dowglas : when he saw
 The fortune of the daie quite turn'd from hime
 The noble Percy slaine : & all his men
 Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest
 & falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
 That the pursuers tooke hime : at my tent
 The Dowglas is : & I beseech yow^r grace :
 I may dispose of hime.

King With all my hart.

Prin. Then brother John of Lancaster
 To yo^w this honourable bounty shall belonge
 Goe to the Dowglas & deliuer hime
 Vp to his pleasure, ransomeles & free
 His vallour showne : vpon our crests to day
 Hath taught ¹ vs how to cherish such high deeds
 Even in the bosome of our aduarsaries

King. Then this remaines that w^t vnited power
 We meet Northumberland & the prelat Scroope
 Who : as we heare ar busily in armes
 Rebellion in this land : shall loose his swaye
 Meeting the Checke of such another daie :
 & scince this busines so faire is done
 Lett vs not leaue till all our owne be won. *Exeunt.*

¹ Originally "showne."

ACT: IVth.—SCÆN: 9^{na}.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND: *alone in his garden and night-cappe:*

Northum. Tis noys'd abroad that Harry Monmuth fell
Vnder the wrath of noble Hottspur's sword
& that the kinge vnder the Dowglas rage
Stoopt his anoynted head as low as death:
But yett my hart is dull, & slowe beleife
Takes but faint houldinge: Euery minitt now
Should be the father of sonne stratagem:
The times ar wild: Contention like a horse
Full of high feedinge: madly hath brooke loose:
& beats downe all before hime: Oh I feare.

Enter MOURTON.

My sad hart saies. Rebellion had ill lucke
& that my Harry Percyes spurr is cold:
O thie sad brow, like to a little leafe
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
So lookes the Maine: whereon the imperious storme
Hath left a wittnest vsurpation:
Saie Mourton didst thou come frome Shrewsbury.

Mour. I ranne from Shrewsbury: my noble lord
Where hatefull death put on his vgliest maske
To fright our party.

Earle. How doth my sonne & brother
Thow tremblest: & the whittnes in thie cheeke
Is apter then thie tongue: to tell thie arrand
Euen such a man, so faint: so spirittlesse:
So dull: so dead in looke: so woe begone
Drew Priames curtaine in the dead of night
& would haue told hime: halfe his Troy was burnt:
But Priam found the fire: ere he: his tongue
& I my Percy's death: ere thou reports't it

This thow would's't saie : yow^r sonne did thus : & thus :
 Yow^r brother thus : so fought the noble Dowglas
 Stopping my greedy eare w^t theire bould deeds :
 But in the end : to stopp my ear indeed :
 Thow hast a sigh to blow away this praise
 Endinge w^t brother : sonn : & all ar dead.

Mourt. Dowglas is liueinge and yow^r brother yett :
 But for my lord yow^r sonne——

Earle. Whie he is dead :
 See what a ready tongue suspition hath :
 He that but feares the thinge he would not know,
 Hath by instinct, knowledg from others eyes
 That what he fear'd is chanced : yet speake Mourton :
 Tell thow an earle : his diuination lyes :
 & I will take it as a sweet disgrace
 & make thee rich : for doeing me such wrong

Mour. Yow ar too great to be by me gainsaid
 Yow^r spiritt is to true : yow^r feares to certaine

Earle. Yett for all this : saie not that Percy's dead
 I see a strange confession in thine eye
 Thow shak'st thie head, & holds't it feare or sine
 To speake a truth : if he be slaine
 The tongue offends not ; that reports his death
 & he doth sinne that doth bely the dead :
 Not he which saies the dead is not aliue
 Yett the first bringer of vnwellcome newes
 Hath but a loosinge office ; & his tongue
 Sounds euer after as a sullen bell
 Rembring tolling a departing friend :

Bar. I cannot thinke my lord : yow^r sonne is dead

Mour. I am sorry I should force yow^w to beleue
 That which I would to God I had not seene
 But these my eyes saw hime in bloody state
 Rendring faint quittance : wearied & out-breath'd
 To Harry Monmouth : whose swift wrath beat downe

The neuer daunted Percy : to the earth
 From whence w^t life he neuer more sprunge vp
 In few his death : whose spiritt lent a fire
 Euen to the dullest peasant in his came
 Being bruted once : took heat & fire away
 Then feare gaue wings to flight : the sume of all
 Is that the king hath wonne : & hath sent out
 A speedy power to incounter yo^w my lord :

Ear. For this I shall haue time enough to mourne :
 In poyson : there is phisicke, & these newes
 Haueing been well, that would haue made me sicke
 Beinge sicke : haue in some measure made me well :
 & as the wretch whose feuer weakned joynts
 Like strengthlesse hinges : buckle vnder life
 Impatient of his fitt, breakes like a fire
 Out of his keepers armes : euen so my limbes
 Weakened w^t griefe : being now inrag'd w^t griefe
 Ar thrise themselues : hence therefore nice crutch :
 A scaly gauntlett now with joynts of steele
 Most gloue this hand : & hence thow sickly coife
 Thow art a gaurd : too wanton for the head
 Which princes : flesht w^t conquest : aime to hitt
 Now bind my browes w^t iron : & aproch :
 The raggedst hower : that time & spight dare bring
 To frowne vpon thinrag'd Northumberland
 Lett heauen kisse earth ; now lett not natures hand
 Keepe the wild flood confin'd : lett order dye :
 & lett this world noe longer be a stage
 To feede contention in a lingring act.

Mor. The liues of all yow^r loueing complices
 Leane on yo^w health the which if yo^w giue ore
 To stormy passion, must perforce decaye
 We all thatt ar ingaged to this lose
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
 That if we wrought out life ; 'twas ten to on

& yett we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd
 Choakt the respect of likely perill fear'd
 & scince we are oresett ; venture againe
 Com : we will all putt forth body & goods.

Northum. Goe in w^t me, & counsell euery man
 The aptest waie for safty & revendge
 Gett posts & letters : & make friends w^t speed
 Neuer so few : & neuer yett more need. *Exeunt.*

ACT : IVth.—SCAEN : 10^{ma}.

Enter Sir JOHN FALS. & Hostesse.

Fals. But thinge ; thow wilt not lay a pewter pestle on my
 shoulders ; saie :

Host. I am vndone by thie goeing : thow art an infinitiue
 thinge vpon my score : thow owest me a hundreth markes
 almost : & I haue borne, and I haue borne and I haue borne ;
 fub'd off : & fub'd off & fub'd off. from this daie ; to that daie ;
 that it is a shame to be thought on : vnlesse a woman should
 be made an asse and a beast to beare euery knaues wrong.

Fals. Peace kitten ; or yo^w shall now in the channell.

Host. Throwe me into the Channell : Ile throw thee into the
 chañell : Wilt thow : wilt thow : the offecers ar at the dore
 to arast thee ; thow bastardly rogue : murder : murder : ah
 thow hony-sucker villaine Ah thow hony-seed rogue : a man
 queller & a woman queller.

Bard. Fie Sir John : doe not draw vpon a woman :

Fals. Peace Lucifer :

Host. Stab me in my owne howse : Most beastly in good
 faith : he cares not what mischief he doth ; if his weapon be
 out : he will foyne like any diuell he will spare neither man :
 woman : nor child : helpe master Synok.

Fals. Hostesse : heare me quickly ; what is the grose sume
 I owe yo^w.

Host. Mary if thou weart an honest man: thieself & thie mony too: thou didst sweare to me vpon a parcell gilt goblett: sitting in my dollphine chamber at the round table: by a sea-cole-fire: vpon Wednesdaie in Wheeson weeke: when the prince broke thie head: for liking his father to a singing man of Winsor: thou didst sweare to me then: as I was washing thie wound: to marry me; & to make me my lady thie wife: Canst thou denye it: did not goodwife Keech the butchers wife com in then and call me gossip: Quickly comming in to borrow a messe of vinegar: telling vs shee had a good dish of prawnes: whereby thou didst desire to eate some: whereby I told thee they weare ill for a green wound: & didest thou not: when she was gone downe staires: desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poore people: saying that ere long they should call me madame: & didst not thou kisse me: and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings: I put thee now to thie booke oath: deny it if thou canst.

Fals. All this I confesse; and send away the officer below I will performe it: I vow here before Bardolfe

Falstalff whispers to her: & then speakes.

An this I sweare as I am a gentleman: a knight: a souldier: & a captaine.

Host. Faith yo^w said so before.

Fals. As I am a gentl^e, come: noe more words of it

Host. By this heauenly ground I tread on: I must be faine to pawne: both my plate: & the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fals. Glasses: glasses: is the only drinking: and for thie walles: a pritty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigall: or the Jarman Hunting in watter worke, is worth a thowsand of these bed-hangers and these flie-bitten tapestry. Lett it be ten pownd if thou canst: come: if it weare not for thie humors, there's not a better wench in England: Goe wash thie face: and drawe the action: com: thou must not be in this humor with

me: dost not knowe me: Com: com, I know thow wast sett on to this.

Host. Praie Sir John lett it be but twenty nobles: Ifaith I ame loath to pawne my plate: so God saue me.

Fals. Lett it alone, I'lle make other shift: yow'll be a foole still.

Host. Well yo^w shall haue it, though I pawne my gowne: I hope yow'll come to supper; yow'll paie me all together.

Fals. Will I liue; come if it weare not for these humors, there is not a better wench in Cristendoñ come: kisse & goe in. *Exeunt.*

ACT: V^{ti}: SCÆN: 1^a.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND & the wife to Harry Percy.

Nor. I praie thee gentle daughter:
Giue euen waye vnto my rough affaiers
Put not yo^w on the visage of the times
& be like them: to Percy troublesome

Kate. O yet for Gods-sake: goe not to these warrs
The tyme was father: when yo^w broke yow^r word
When yow weare more endeere to it then now:
When yow^r owne Percy; when my owne deere Harry
Threw many a north-ward looke: to see his father
Bring vp his powers; but he did long in vaine:
Who then perswaded yo^w to stay at home:
There weare two honours lost; yow^{rs} & yow^r sonnes
For yow^{rs} the good of Heauen brighten it
For his; it stuck vpon as the sunne
In the grey vault of heauen: & by his light
Did all the chiualtry of England moue:
To doe braue acts: he was indeed the glasse
Wherein the noble youth did dresse themselues
Nor. Beshrew yow^r harte

Faire daughter: yo^w doe drawe my spiritts from me
 W^t new lamenting ancient ouersights:
 But I must goe & meet w^t daunger there
 Or it will seeke me in another place
 & finde me worse prouided

Kate. O fly to Scoteland

Till that the nobles: & the armed commons
 Haue of their puissance made a little tast
 If they gett ground & vantag of the kinge
 Then joyne yo^w w^t them like a ribbe of steele
 To make strength stronger: but for all our loues
 First lett them trye themselues: so did yow^r sonne
 He was so suffered: so came I a widdow
 & neuer shall haue length of life enough
 To raine vpon remembrance w^t myne eyes
 That it may growe & sprout: as high as Heauen:
 For recordation to my noble husband.

Nor. Come. come, goe in with me: 'tis w^t my mynd,
 As w^t the tide swel'd vp vnto his hight
 That makes a still stand: running neither way
 Faine would I goe to meet the archbishope.
 But many thowsand reasons keepe me backe:
 I will resolue for Scoteland; there ame I
 Till time & vantage craue my company. *Exeunt*

ACT: V^{ti}.—SCÆN: 2^{da}.

Enter the Kinge in his nightgowne.

Kinge. Goe call the Earles of Surrey & of War
 But ere they come: bid them ore-reade these lett^s
 & well consider of them: make good speed:
 How many thowsand of my poorest subiects
 Ar at this hower asleepe: O sleepe: O gentle sleepe
 Natures soft nurse: how haue I frighted thee

That thow noe more wilt waigh my eye-liddes downe
 & steep my scences in forgettfullnes
 Whie rather sleepe lvest thow in smoakie cribbes
 Vpon vneasie palletts streching thee
 And husht w^t buzzing night-flies to thie slumber
 Then in the perfum'd chambers of the great
 Vnder the canopies of costly state :
 & lul'd w^t sound of sweete melodye :
 O thow dull god : whie ly'st thow w^t the vile
 In loathsome beds, leaueing the kingly couch :
 A watch-case, or a common larrum bell
 Wilt thow vpon the high & giddy masse
 Seale vp the shipboies eyes : & rocke his braines
 In cradle of the rude imperious surg :
 & in the visitation of the winds
 Who take the ruffian pillowes by the top
 Curling their monstrous heads & hanging them
 W^t deaffing clamor in the slippery cloudes
 That w^t the hurly death it selfe awakes
 Canst thow O partiall sleep giue them repose
 To the weat season : in an hower so rude
 & in the calmest & most stillest night
 With all aplances & meanes to boote
 Deny it to a king ; then (happie) low ly downe
 Vneasie lyes the head that weares a crowne :

ACT : V^{ti}.—SCÆN : 3^{tia}.

Enter WARWIKE : SUREY & Sir JOHN BLUNT.

War. Many good morrowes to yow^r maiesty

King. Is it good morrow lords

War. 'Tis on a'clock & past

King. Whie then good morrowe to yo^w all my lords
 Haue yow reade o're the letter that I sent yo^w.

War. My leidg I haue

King. Then yo^w perceiue the bodie of our kingdome
How fowle it is, what rancke diseases growe
& with what danger, neare the hart of it

War. It is but as a body yett distempered
Which to his former health may be restored
W^t good aduise & little medicine
My lord Northumberland will soone be coold

King. O God that one might read the booke of fate
& see the reuolution of the times
Make mountaines leuell: & the continent
Weary of solide firmnesse melt it selfe
Into the sea: & other times to see
The breachie girdle of the ocean:
To wid for Neptunes hipes: how chances mockes
& changes fill the cup of alteration
W^t diuers lickquors: O if this weare seene:
The happiest youth vewing his progresse through:
What perrills past: what crosses to ensue
Would shutt the booke: & sitt hime downe & die:
'Tis not ten yeares agon
Since Richard & Northumberland great friends
Did feast together: & in two yeares after
Weare they at warrs: it is but eight yeares since
This Percy was the man neerest my sowle
Who like a brother toil'd in my affaiers:
And laid his loue & life vnder my foote:
Yea for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard
Gaue hime defieance, but which of yow was by:
Yo^w coosine Neuell (as I may remember)
When Richard w^t his eye-brimme full of teares
Then checkt & rated by Northumberland
Did speake these words now proue a prophesie
Northumberland: thow ladder by the which
My coosen Bullengbrooke asends my throne

(Though then (God knowes) I had noe such intent
 But that necessitye so bowed the state :
 That I & greatnes weare compell'd to kisse.)
 The time shall come : thus did he follow it,
 The time shall come : that fowle sinne gathering head :
 Shall breake into corruption : so went on :
 Foretelling this same times condition
 & the diuision of our amitye :

War. There is a history in all mens liues
 Figuring the natures of the times deceast
 The which obseru'd a man may prophesie
 With a nere ayne of the mayn chance of things
 As yett not come to life ; who in their seedes
 & weake beginninge lye intreasured :
 Such things become the hatch & broode of time
 & by the nessesary forme of this
 King Richard might creat a perfect guesse
 That great Northumberland then faulse to hime
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falsnes :
 Which would not find a ground to roote vpon
 Vnlesse on yo^w.

King. Ar these thinges then necessities :
 Then lett vs meet them like necessities
 And that same word euen now cryes out vpon us :
 They saie the Bishope & Northumberland
 Ar fifty thowsand stronge.

War. It cannot be my lord :
 Rumor doth double like the voyce & eccho
 The number of the feared : please it yowr grace
 To goe to bed : vpon my soule : my lord :
 The powers that yo^w already haue sett forth
 Shall bring this prize in verry easily :
 To comfort yo^w the more I haue receued
 A certaine instance that Glendower is dead :
 Yow^r Maiestie hath beene this fortnight ill

& these vnseasoned howers perforce must add
Vnto yow^r sicknes :

King. I will take yow^r counsell
And weare these inward warres once out of hand
We would deere lords vnto the Holy Land.

Exeunt :

*Enter the Kinge, WARWIKE, KENT, THOMAS Duke of CLARENCE,
HUMPHRY of GLOUCESTER.*¹

King. Now my lord : if God doe giue succesfull end
To this debate that bleedeth at our dores :
We will our youth leade on to higher feilds
And drawe noe swords : but what are sanctified :
Our nauy is adrest : our power collected :
Our substitutes in absences well inuested :
& euery thing lyes leuell to our wish :
Only we want a little personall strength :
And pawse us till these rebells now afoote
Com vnderneath the yoake of gouernment :

War. Both w^{ch} we doubt not but yow^r Maiestie
Shall soone enjoye.

King. Humphrey my sonne of Gloster : where is the prince
yow^r brother :

Glo. I thinke hees gone to hunt : my lord : at Winsor

King. And how accompanide

Glo. I doe not knowe : my lord.

Kinge. Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence w^t hime

Glo. No my good lord : he is in presence here

Clar. What would my lord & father :

Kinge. Nothing but well to thee Thomas of Clarence
How chance thou art not with the prince thie brother :
He loues thee : & thou dost neglect hime : Thomas :
Thow hast a better place in his affection

¹ These two stage-directions are scratched through with a pen.

Then all thie brothers: Cherish it my boy
 & noble offices thow maiest affect
 Of meditation after I am dead:
 Between his greatnes & thie other bretheren:
 Therefore omitt hime not: blunt not his loue
 Nor loose the good aduantage of his grace
 By seeming cold: or carelesse of his will:
 For he is gracious. if he be obseru'd:
 He hath a teare for pittie: & a hand
 Open as daie for meetting charitty
 Yett notw^tstanding being insencst he is flint
 As humorus as winter: & as suddaine
 As flawes congealed in the spring of daie:
 His temper therefore must be well obseru'd,
 Chide hime for faultts: & doe it reuerently
 When yo^w perceiue his blood inclin'd to mirth:
 Butt being moodie: giue hime time & scope:
 Till that his passions like a whale on ground
 Confound themselues w^t working: learne this Thomas:
 And thou shalt proue a shelter to thie friends
 A hoope of gold: to bind thie brothers in
 That the vnited vessell of their blood
 (Mingled w^t venome of suggestion
 As force perforce the age will power it in)
 Shall neuer leake: though it doe work as strong
 As aconitum: or rash gunpowder:
Cla. I shall obserue hime with all care & loue
King. Whie art not thow at Winsor w^t hime Thomas
Thom. He is not there to daie; he dines at London
King. & how acompainied:
Thom. With Poynes & others his continewall followers:
King. Most subiect is the fattest soile to weeds:
 & he the noble image of my youth
 Is ouerspread with them: therefore my grieve
 Stretches it selfe: beyound the hower of death:

The blood weepes from my hart when I doe shape
 In formes imaginary th' unguided daies
 & rotten times that yo^w shall looke vppon :
 When I am sleepeing with my ancestours :
 For when this head-stronge riott hath noe curbe :
 When rage & hott blood ar his counsellors :
 When meanes ; & lauish mañers meet together
 O w^t what wings shall his affections flye
 Towards fronting perill : & opos'd decay

War. My gracious lord, yo^w looke beyound hime quite
 The prince but studies his companions
 Like a strang tongue ; Wherein to gaine the language
 'Tis needfull that the most iñodest word
 Be lookt vpon : & learn'd : w^{ch} once attaind
 Yow^r highnes knowes : comes to noe further vse
 But to be knowne & hated ; so : like grosse termes :
 The prince will in the perfectnes of time
 Cast of his followers, & theire memory
 Shall as a patterne : or a measure lyne
 By w^{ch} his grace must meete the liues of other
 Turning past euells : to aduantages :

King. 'Tis seldome when the bee doth leaue her combe

ACT : V^{ti}.—SCÆN: 4^{ta}.

Ente WESTMERLAND.

In the dead carion ; Whose here Westmerland

West. Health to my soueraigne : & new happines
 Added to that. that I am to deliuer :
 Prince John yow^r sonne doth kisse yow^r graces hand :
 Mowbray the bishope, Scroope, Hastings & all
 Ar brought to the correction of yow^r lawe :
 There is not now a rebells sword vnshea'd
 But peace putts forth her oliue euery where

The manner how this action hath beene borne
 Here at more leasure may yow^r highnes read
 W^t euery course in his perticuler

King. O. Westmerland thow art a summer bird
 Which euer in the haunch of winter singes

Enter HARCOR.

The lifting vp of daie : looke here's more newes :

Harc. Frome enymies : heauen keepe yow^r Maiesty
 & when they stand against yo^w : may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell yo^w of:
 The Earle Northumberland : & the lord Bardolfe
 W^t a great power of English : & of Scotts
 Ar by the shreife of Yorke-sheire ouerthrowne
 The manner & true order of the fight
 This packett : please it yo^w : declares at large :

King. And wherefore should this good newes make me sick
 Will fortune neuer come w^t both hands full
 But wett her faire words still in fowlest termes :
 Shee either giues a stomach & no foode
 Such ar the poore in health : or else a feast
 & takes away the stomach : such ar the rich
 That haue aboundance : & enjoie it not :
 I should reioyce now at this happie newes :
 But now my sight failes : & my braine is giddy :
 O me : come nere me : now I am much ill :

Glos. Comfort yow^r Maiesty :

Clar. O my royall father :

West. My soueraigne lord : cheere vp yow^rself : looke vp

War. Be patient princes : yo^w doe know these fitts
 Ar w^t his highnes very ordinary :
 Stand from hime : giue hime ayre ; heele straight be well :

Clar. No no, he cannot long hold out these panges
 Thinessant care & labor of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in

So thin : that life lookes through :

Glo. The people feare me, for they doe obserue
Vnfather'd heires : & lothly births of nature :
The seasons chang theire manners : as the yeare
Had found some monthes asleepe : & leap them ouer :

Clar. The riuer hath thrise flowed : noe ebbe betweene :
& the old folke (times doteing chronicles)
Saie it did so a little time before

That our great grandsir Edward sickt & died

War. Speake lower princes : for the king recouers :

Glo. This apoplexi will certaine be his end.

King. I praie yo^w take me vp : & beare me hence :
Into some other chamber :

Lett there be no noyce made, my gentle friends

Vnlesse some dull : & fauorable hand

Will whisper musique to my weary spiritt

War. Call for the musique in the other roome

King. Sett me the crowne vpon my pillowe here

Clar. His eye is hollow : & he changes much :

ACT. Vth.—SCÆN : 5th.

Enter HARRY.

War. Lesse noyce : lesse noyce :

Prin. Who sawe the duke of Clarence :

Clar. I am here brother : full of heauenes :

Prin. How now : raine w^t in dores : & none abroad :
How doth the king :

Cla. Exceeding ill.

Prin. Heard he the good newes yett : tell it hime.

Cla. He altred much vpon the heareing of it :

Prin. If he be sicke w^t joye : heele recouer w^tout phisicke :

War. Not so much noyce my lords : sweet prince speake
Low : the king yow^r father is dispos' to sleepe

Clar. Lett vs w^tdrawe into the other roome :

War. Willt please yow^r grace to goe along w^t us

Prin. No. I will sitt & watch here by the king :

Whie doth the crowne lye there vpon his pillowe :

Being so troublesome a bed-fellow :

O pollisht perturbation : golden care

That keepst the portts of slumber open wide

To many a watchfull night : sleepe w^t it now

Yett not so sound : & half so deeply sweet

As he whose browe (w^t homly biggen bound

Snore out the watch of night : O maiestie

When thou dost pinch thie bearer thou dost sitt

Like a rich armor : wore in heat of daie

That scald'st with safty : (by his gattes of breath)

There lies a dowlney fether which stirrs not

Did he suspire : that light & waightles dowlne

Perforce must mooue my gracious lord my father :

This sleepe is sownd indeed ; this is a sleepe :

That frome this golden rigoll hath diforst

So many English kings ; thie dew frome me

Is teares : & heauy sorrowes of the blood,¹

Which nature : loue : & filiall tendernes :

Shall (O deere father) paie thee plenteously :

My due from thee is this imperiall crowne :

W^{ch} as immediate from thie place & blood

Deriues it selfe to me : Loe where it sitts

W^{ch} God shall gaurd : & putt the worlds whole strength

Into on giant arme : it shall not force :

This lineall honour from me : this from thee

Will I to myne leaue : as 'tis left to me.

Exit.

¹ After this line was originally written the following commencement of another, "Deriues itselfe frome."

ACT : Vth.—SCÆN : 6th.

Enter WARWICKE, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE.

Kinge. Warwicke : Gloucester : Clarence :

Clar. Doth the king call :

War. What would yow^r Maiesty

King. Whie did yo^w leaue me here alone my lords :

Clar. We left the prince my brother here my liedge :
Who vndertooke to sitt & watch by yo^w :

King. The prince of Wales : where is he ? lett me :
See hime : he is not here.

War. This dore is open : he is gone this way :

Glo. He came not through the chamber where we staid

King. Where is the crowne : who tooke it from my pillowe :

War. When we w^ddrew my leidg, we left it here :

King. The prince hath tane it hence : goe seeke hime out :
Is he so hastie : that he doth suppose my sleepe. my death :
Find hime : my lord of Warwick : chid hime hither :

This part of his conjoynes w^t my disease :

& helpes to end me : see, sonnes : what things yo^w ar

How quickly nature falls into revoult,

When gold becomes her object :

For this : the foolish ouer carefull fathers

Haue broke their sleepe w^t thoughts

Theire braines w^t care : their boones w^t industry :

For this : they haue ingrossed & pill'd vp

The cankred heapes of strang atcheeued gold :

For this they haue been thoughtfull to invest

Theire sonnes w^t arts : & martiall exercises :

When like the bee : toyleing from euery flower

Our thigh packt w^t wax : our mouthes w^t hony :

We bring it to the hiue : & like the bees

Ar murdered for our paines : this bitter tast

Yeilds his engrossements to the ending father :

Now where is he : that will not stay so long
Till his friend sicknes hands determin'd me

Enter WARWIKE

War. My lord : I found the prince in the next roome
Washing w^t kindly teares : his gentle cheekes
With such a deepe demeaner in great sorrowe
That tirany : which neuer quafft but blood :
Would by beholding hime haue washt his knife
W^t gentle eye-dropes : he is coming hither.

ACT : V^{ti}.—SCÆN : 7^{ma}.

Enter HARRY.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crowne
Loe where he comes.—come hither to me Harry :
Depart the chamber leaue vs here alone.

Exeunt.

Har. I neuer thought to heare yo^w speake againe

Kinge. Thie wish was (Harry) to that thought
I staie to long by thee : I weary thee :
Dost thou so hunger for my emptie chaire
Thow wilt needs invest me w^t my honours
Before thie hower be ripe : O foolish youth :
Thow seek'st the greatnes y^t will ouerwhelme thee
Staie but a little : for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling w^t so weake a winde
That it will quickly drope : my daie is dime :
Thow hast stollen that, which after some few howers
Weare thine w^tout offence : & at my death :
Thow hast seal'd vp my expectation :
Thie life did manifest thou loued'st me not :
& thou wilt haue me dye : asur'de of it
Thou hid'st a thowsand daggers in thie thoughts

Whome thou hast whetted on thie stony hart
 To stab at halfe an hower of my life :
 What can'st thou not forbear me halfe an hower
 Then gett thee gon : & digg my graue thie selfe
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine eare
 That thou art crowned ; not that I am dead :
 Lett all the teares that should bedew my hearse
 Be drops of balme : to sanctifie thie head :
 Only compound me with forgotten dust
 Giue that w^{ch} gaue thee life, vnto the wormes :
 Pluck downe my officers : breake my decrees :
 For now a time is come to mocke at forme :
 Harry the fift is crown'd, vp vanity :
 Downe royall state : all yow sage counsaillors : hence
 & to the English court asemble now
 From euery region : apes of idlenesse :
 Now neighbour confines : purge yow of yow^r scume
 Haue yow a ruffaine that will sweare, drinke, daunce,
 Reuell the night : rob : murder : or coñitt
 The oldest sinnes : the newest kind of waies
 Be happie he will trouble yow noe more
 England shall double gilld his treble gilt
 England shall giue hime office, honour, might,
 For the fift Harry : from curb'd lycence : pluckes
 The musle of restraint, & the wildd dogge
 Shall flesh his tooth on euery innocent :
 O my poore kingdome sicke w^t siuell blowes :
 When that my care could not wthould thie riotts
 Whatt wilt thou doe when riott is thie care :
 O thou wilt be a wilderness againe :
 Peopled w^t woulues thie old inhabitants.

Prin. O pardon me my leidge : but for my teares
 The most impediments vnto my speach
 I had forestal'd this deere : & deep rebuke
 Ere yow w^t grieve had spoke : & I had heard

The course of it so farre: there is yow^r crowne
& He that weares the crowne immortally
Long gaurd it yow^{rs}: if I affect it more
Then as yow^r honour: & as yow^r renowne:
Lett me no more frome this obeidience rise
W^{ch} my most inward: true: & dutious spiritt
Teacheth this prostrate & exterior bending:
God wittnes w^t me: when I heare came in
& found noe course of breath wⁱⁿ yow^r maiesty
How cold it stroke my hart: if I doe faine:
O lett me in my present wildnes die:
& neuer liue to shew the incredulous world
The noble change that I haue purposed:
Coming to looke on yo^w: thinkeing yo^w dead:
& dead almost my leidge: to thinke yo^w weare:
I spake vnto this crowne as haueing sence
& thus vpbraided it; the care on thee depending
Hath fed vpon the bodie of my father:
Therefore thow best of gold: art worse then gold:
Other lesse fine in karrat more pretious
Preserueing life in medicine potable:
But thow most finne, most honour'd, most renown'd:
Hast eate thie bearer vp: thus my most royall liedge
Accusing it, I put it one my head:
To try w^t it as w^t an enemy
That had before my face, murdered my father;
The quarrell of a true inheritor:
But if it did infect my blood w^t joy
Or swell my thoughts to any straine of pride
If any reble or vaine spiritt of myne
Did w^t the least affection of a wellcome
Giue entertainment to the might of it
Lett God for euer keep it from my head
& make me as the poorest vassaill is
That doth w^t aw & terror kneell to it

King. God put it in thie mind to take it hence :
That thou mightst winne the more thie fathers loue
Pleading so wisly in an excuse of it :
Come hither Harry sitt thou by my bed
& heare (I think) the very latest counsaile
That euer I shall breath (God knowes) my sonne
By what by-waies & indirect crokt pathes
I mett this crowne : & I myselfe knowe well
How troublesome it satt vpon my head :
To thee it shall dessend w^t better quiett,
Better opinion, better confirmation :
For all the soile of the atchieuement goes
W^t me into the earth : it seem'd w^t me
But as an honour snatcht w^t boystorus hand
& I had many liueing to vpbraid
My gaine of it, by their assistances
W^{ch} daiely grew to quarrells & to bloodshed
Wounding supposed peace : all these bold feares
Thou seest w^t perill I haue answeared :
For all my raigne hath beene but as a scene
Acting that argument : & now my death
Changes the mood : for what in me was purchast
Falls apon thee in a more fairer sort :
So thou the garland wear'st successiuely :
Yett though thou stand'st more sure then I could doe :
Thou art not firme enough : since griefes ar greene
& all thie friends w^{ch} thou must make thie friends
Haue but their stings & teeth newly tane out
By whose fell working I was first aduans't
& by whose power I well might lodge a feare
To be agayne displeas'd : w^{ch} to auoyd
I cut them off, & had a purpose : now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest : & lyeing still, might make them looke
Too nere vnto my state : therefore. my Harry :

Be it thie course to bussie giddy myndes
 W^t forraine quarrells : that action hence borne out
 May wast the memory of former daies
 More would I, but my lungs ar wasted so :
 That strength of speech is vtterly deny'd me
 How I came by the crowne : O God forgiue :
 & grant it may w^t thee in true peace liue

Prin. Yo^w wonne it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me :
 Then plaine & right must my possession be
 W^{ch} I w^t more then with a common paine
 Gainst all the world will rightfully maintaine.

ACT : V^{ti}.—SCÆN: 8^{ua}.

Enter LANCASTER.

King. Looke looke here comes my John of Lancaster

Lan. Health : peace : & happines to my royall father

King. Thow bringest me happines & peace sonne John
 But health alake w^t youthfull wings is flowne :
 Frome this bare withered trunck : vpon thie sight
 My worldly busines makes a period :
 Where is my lord of Warwicke

Prin. My lord of Warwicke.¹

King. Doth any name particular belonge
 Vnto the lodgeing where I first did sownd :

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem my noble lord

King. Laud be to God euen there my life must end
 It hath bine prophesied to me many yeares
 I should not die : but in Jerusalem :
 W^{ch} vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land :
 But beare me to that chamber : there Ile lye
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

Exeunt

Manet WAR :

¹ A pen has been drawn through this line.

ACT : Vth.—SCÆN : 9^{na}.*Enter* JOHN, THOMAS & HUMPHRY.

War. Here comes the heauy issue of dead Harry
 O that the liueing Harry had the temper
 Of he ; the worst of these three gentlemen
 How many nobles then should hold their places
 That must strike saile to spiritts of vile sort :

John. Goodmorrow coosine Warwicke good morrow :

Princes both. Good morrow coosine.

John. We meet like men that had forgott to speake

War. We doe remember, but our argument
 Is all to heauy to admitt much talke

John. Well, peace be w^t hime y^t made us heauy

War. Peace be w^t us lest we be heauier

Clar. Well yo^w must now speake Sir John Falstalfe faire :
 Which swimes against yow^r stream of quality :

ACT : Vth.—SCÆN : 10^{ma}.*Enter the Prince & BLUNT.*

War. Here comes the Prince
 Good morrowe & God saue yow^r maiesty

Prin. This new & gorgeous garment maiesty
 Sitts not so easie one me : as yo^w thinke :
 Brothers : yo^w mixt yow^r sadnes w^t some feare :
 This is the English, not the Turkish court
 Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds
 But Harry, Harry : yett be sad good brothers
 For by my faith it very well becomes yo^w :
 Sorrowe so royally in yo^w apearcs
 That I will deeply put the fashion on
 & weare it in my hart : whie then be sad

But entertaine no more of it good brothers :
 Then a joynt burden : laid vpon vs all
 For me, by Heauen, (I bid yo^w be assur'd)
 Ile be yow^r father : & a brother too :
 Lett me but beare yow^r loue : Ile beare yow^r cares :
 Yett weepe that Harryes dead & so will I
 But Harry liues : that shall conuert those teares
 By number into howers of happines :

Broth. We hope no otherwise from yow^r Majestie :

Prin. Yo^w all looke strangly on me : *well you may*¹
 For princes all : beleue me I beseech yo^w
 My father is gon wild into his graue :
 For in his tombe lye my affections :
 & w^t his spiritts sadly I suruiue
 To mocke the expectation of the world :
 To frustrate propheties, & to race out
 Rotten opinion : who hath writt me downe
 After my seemig : the tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :
 Now doth it turne, & ebb backe to the sea ;
 Where it shall mingle w^t the state of floods
 & flowe hencefoorth in formall Maiesty :
 [Now call we our high court of parlement
 & lett vs chuse such limbes of noble counsaile
 That the great body of our state may goe
 In equall ranke w^t the best gouern'd nation
 That warr : or peace : or both at once may be
 As things acquainted : or familliar w^t us :
 Our coronation done, we will accitte
 (As I before remembred) all our state.²]
 And (God consigning to my good intents)

¹ Added by Sir E. Deryng.

² The eight lines within brackets have a line marked on the margin of the original manuscript, apparently with a view to their omission.

No prince nor peere shall haue just cause to saie
 God shorten Harryes happie life on daie. *Exit.*

Enter the King & his traine

Fals. God saue thie grace king Hall, my royall Hall :
 The Heauens thee gaurd : & keep :
 Most royall imp of fame, God saue thee
 My sweet boy :

King. [My lord Cheife Justice],¹ speake to that vaine man

Justice. Haue yo^w yowr witts : know yo^w what tis yo^w
 speake

Fals. My king : my Joue : I speake to thee my hart :

King. I knowe thee not old man fall to thie praiers
 How ill whitt haires become a foole & Jester
 I haue long dreampt of such a kind of man
 So surfett swell'd : so old : & so prophane,
 But being awake : I doe despice my dreame
 Make lesse thie bodie (hence) & more thie grace
 Leaue gourmandizing, know the graue doth gape
 For thee thrise wider then for other men
 Replie not to me w^t a foole-borne jest
 Presume not that I am the thinge I was,
 For God doth know : so shall the world perceiue
 That I haue turn'd away my former selfe :
 So will I those that keepe me company :
 When thou dost heare I am as I haue beene
 Aproach me & thou shalt be as thou wast
 The tutor, & the feeder of my royotts
 Till then I banish thee : on paine of death
 As I haue done the rest of my misleaders
 Not to come neere our person by ten miles :
 For competence of life, I will alow yo^w

¹ Instead of this, Deryng writes, "Brother of Clarence." The next speech he gives to Clarence.

That lacke of meanes enforce yow not to euells
& as we heare yow doe reforme yow^r selues
We will according to yow^r strength & qualityes
Giue yo^w aduancement [as you shall deserue itt
Now change our thoughtes for honour and renowne
And since y^e royalty and crowne of Fraunce
Is due to vs wee'll bring itt to our awe,
Or breake itt all to peeces—Vanityes farewell
Wee'll now act deedes for chronicles to tell.]¹

¹ The part between brackets is in the handwriting of Sir Edward Deryng, the original scribe having written the conclusion in two lines, which are completely obliterated.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Page 4, line 11. And force proude Mahomett from Palestine.] This line is not found in any printed edition. It is not one of Sir E. Deryng's additions, but is written in the same hand with the body of the manuscript, taking the place of the following:

“Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”

Page 4, line 20. Now is twelue-month's old.] The printed edition reads, “is a twelvemonth old.”

Page 4, line 23. Sonne of Lancaster.] This is instead of “cousin Westmoreland,” to whom the succeeding speech is given in the other copies. Several changes are made in this scene in the distribution of the speeches.

Page 5, line 13. Like.] The quartos of 1598 and 1599 read *did*, which is adopted by Mr. Collier; but the later editions agree with our text.

Page 5, line 14. Far.] The quarto of 1613, and the folio of 1623, read *farre*, but the earlier editions “for.”

Page 6, line 4. In faith it is.] This of course belongs to the next speech, which is assigned to Westmoreland in the printed copies.

Page 6, line 8. Of.] The early quartos read “to.”

Page 6, line 25. Respects.] Printed eds. “aspects.”

Page 7, line 9. Afternoone.] “In the afternoone,” ed. 1623.

Page 7, line 15. Superfluous.] “So superfluous,” ed. 1598. The other quartos agree with our text.

Page 7, line 18. Seauen stares.] The early quartos read "*the* seven stars." The edition of 1613, as well as the folio, omits "the."

Page 8, line 22. Long.] "Far," printed ed.

Page 8, line 24. Not.] Omitted in the folio.

Page 8, line 25. Thou wouldst be trusted no more.] In making this addition to the original text, Deryng probably felt how incomplete the sentence was without some similar termination; nor does the pause exactly agree with the context. If we could believe that this was copied from some text of authority, we could hardly question the propriety of admitting it as genuine.

Page 9, line 21. But if thow hadst preferd hime to a pulpett thow hadst done better.] The printed editions read, "for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it." I should be somewhat inclined to admit the MS. reading in the text, for it is not one of the later alterations; and if we joined the two passages good sense would result, e.g., "Thou didst well; but if thou hadst preferr'd him to a pulpit, thou hadst done better, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it." The conclusion of the preceding speech seems to warrant this reading.

Page 9, line 24. Vnto.] "Upon," ed. 1598.

Page 10, line 19. Gadshill.] This place was notorious for robberies in Elizabeth's time. A ballad entitled "the robbery at Gads hill" was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company in 1558. See Warton's Hist. Engl. Poet., iii., 322. A poem entitled Clavell's Recantation was printed in 1634. Clavell was a robber, and here recites his own adventures on the highway. His first depredations were on Gads Hill. (*Ib.*) See also a communication by Sir H. Ellis in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, xvi., 432.

Page 10, line 26. Edward.] The printed editions read "Yedward," probably an error. It may have arisen from the word "ye" before it being confused in the writing with "Edward."

Page 11, line 17. Harvay.] Probably one of the names of the actors. In other of the old copies we have *Rossil* for *Peto*. This partial correction is worthy of observation, as it would go towards showing the MS. is not copied from any of the printed editions: but see p. 24.

Page 13, line 8. Prayes.] An error for "payes."

Page 14, line 26. This.] "That," ed. 1623.

Page 15, line 14. The.] "That," eds. 1598, 1599.

Page 16, line 12. Not hime.] "Him not" printed eds.

Page 17, line 6. Yea on his part.] So the quartos. The folio edition reads, "In his behalf," not "*on* his behalf," as quoted by Mr. Collier, who however adopts our reading as of more authority than the former.

Page 17, line 8. Downe-trodd.] "Downfall," ed. 1623.

Page 18, line 21. Put.] "Shook," printed eds.

Page 21, line 6. Yfaith.] The folio reads "in sooth," the reading adopted by Mr. Knight. Mr. Collier follows the quartos, "i' faith." In such cases, there can be no error either way, and yet it is more reasonable to suppose that the latter was Shakespeare's own expression. The continual instances of softening all epithets of the same class which occur in the folio were probably made by the actors or editors, in consequence of the statute mentioned by Mr. Collier.

Page 21, line 35. In.] "By," printed eds.

Page 22, line 2. To Mortimer.] "Lo: Mortimer," ed. 1598. Concerning this reading see Collier's Shakespeare, iv., 223. The reading in the text corresponds with the 4to. of 1639.

Page 22, line 19. What.] "Where's," printed eds.

Page 23, line 23. Goe.] Omitted in eds. 1598 and 1599.

Page 24, line 10. But how many be there of them.] This does not agree exactly with any of the early printed editions. That of 1598 reads, "how many be there of them;" that of 1599, "how many be *they* of them;" and the subsequent quartos have, "But how many be they of them?" See Collier's Shakespeare, iv., 254. The folio reads, "But how many be of them?" In the printed editions this passage is assigned to Peto.

Page 25, line 8. Gott with much ease.] This speech is given as prose in all the old copies.

Page 26, line 17. And.] "An," printed eds.

Page 27, line 2. My.] "Thy," eds. 1598, 1599, the reading generally adopted by modern editors.

Page 28, line 13. To tilt w^t lips.] Ben Jonson has a similar image—"Come, you must yield both; this is neither contention for you, nor time fit to contend: there is another kind of *tilting* would become Love better than this; to meet lips for lances, and crack kisses instead of staves:

which, there is no beauty here, I presume, so young, but can fancy; nor so tender, but would venture." Works, ed. Gifford, vii., 233.

Page 28, line 32. What thow dost not knowe.] Alluding to the proverb recorded by Ray, "A woman conceals what she knows not;" Nash having said, in 1587, "who will commit anything to a woman's tatling trust, who conceales nothing but that she knows not?" See Malone's Shakespeare, ed. 1821, xvi., 258.

Page 29, line 26. This.] "Which," printed eds.

Page 30, line 1. The time.] The word "the" is accidentally omitted in the folio of 1623, which is followed even in this instance by Mr. Knight.

Page 30, line 6. Present.] "Precedent," printed eds.

Page 30, line 30. Stay yo^w.] "You stay," printed eds. The quarto of 1598 omits the word *you*.

Page 31, line 13. *Bastard*.] Formerly this term was applied to all mixed and sweetened wines, but in Shakespeare's time it seems to have had a more limited signification. Harrison, in his Description of England, p. 222, speaking of brawn, says, "With us it is accounted a great peece of service at the table from November untill Februarie be ended; but cheeflie in the Christmas time; with the same also we begin our dinners ech daie after other: and because it is somewhat hard of digestion, a draught of malveseie, *bastard*, or muscadell, is usuallie droonke after it, where either of them are convenientlie to be had: otherwise the meaner sort content themselves with their owne drinke, which at that season is generallie verie strong, and stronger indeed than in all the yeare beside." See also a curious enumeration of wines in an early poem printed in the *Nugæ Poeticæ*, p. 10,—

"And I will have also wyne de Ryne,
With new maid Clarye, that is good and fyne,
Muscadell, terantyne, and *bastard*,
With Ypocras and Pyment comyng afterwarde."

Page 32, line 8. Night.] The printed copies read "midnight." Why the Prince should say "*twelve o'clock at midnight*" does not seem very clear.

Page 32, line 13. Stayers.] That is, stairs. Not an unusual form of the word in early books, nor would a note have been necessary but for Mr. Knight's observations on it, so amusingly lashed by Mr. Dyce, in Remarks, &c., p. 56.

Page 32, line 19. Drinke.] "Drench," printed eds.

Page 33, line 8. The sacke.] "This sack," printed eds.

Page 33, line 27. I'le take say of yee.] In hunting, to take the *say* is to draw the knife along the belly of the deer, beginning at the brisket, to discover how fat he is. According to Gifford, this was a mere ceremony, but it could scarcely have been so in very ancient times. See his notes to the *Sad Shepherd*, vi., 270. This sentence is not in any of the printed editions, and is most probably an original addition by Sir E. Deryng. The speech itself is given to Poins, and no doubt rightly, in the earlier quartos, the mistake having first occurred in the edition of 1613, and thence carried into the folio of 1623. According to Mr. Collier, the folio was reprinted from the edition of 1613. See his *Shakespeare*, iv., 265.

Page 34, line 3. Villaine.] "Rogue," printed eds.

Page 35, line 6. Pray God.] This speech is given to the Prince in the earlier quartos. See Collier's *Shakespeare*, iv., 267.

Page 35, line 10. Call me horse.] This term of reproach was in use as late as the close of the last century, as appears from the following passage,—“Tell the old rascal that sent you hither, that I spit in his face, and *call him Horse*; that I tear his letter into rags, so; and that I trample upon it as I would upon his own villanous carcase, d'ye see.”—*Peregrine Pickle*, ch. 14. In the same line, “thou knowest my old *word*,” where the printed editions read *ward*. The reading of the MS. appears more intelligible.

Page 36, line 8. Catch.] The emendation of this word to “chest,” which belongs to the original scribe, is worthy of consideration. The term *tallow-catch* has not been satisfactorily explained, and *tallow-keech* is rather a bold alteration.

Page 36, line 19. Reason on compulsion: I.] Why not consider “I” to stand for “aye?” This appears to be best suited to the context. A similar form of speech occurs in *Dido*, p. 59.

Page 36, line 23. Zbloud.] “Away,” printed eds.

Page 37, line 17. Whole.] Omitted in printed eds.

Page 39, line 6. Goe.] Omitted in printed eds.

Page 39, line 9. Welsh hooke.] The Welsh-hook of Owen Glendower is mentioned in Ben Jonson's *Works*, vii., 340.

Page 40, line 27. Tristfull.] This was originally written *trustfull*,

but altered by a contemporary hand. The correction is of some importance, as it verifies Rowe's emendation.

Page 40, line 34. Yett.] The early quartos absurdly read "so;" a blunder which is not consistent with Falstaff's usual style of speaking.

Page 44, line 29. He searches his pocketts, &c.] This stage direction, which is also in the early editions, has been omitted by modern editors, probably on account of the next speech of Poins.

Page 45, line 13. Match.] "March," eds. 1598, 1599.

Page 45, line 22. Hopes.] "Hope," printed eds.

Page 46, line 3. At my natiuity.] According to Holinshed, "strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man: for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." Malone says that a comet appeared in 1402, which the Welsh bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Phaer mentions Glendower as *seduced by false prophecies* in his ambitious flights—

"And I, while fortune offered me so faire,
Did what I might his honour to appaire,
And tooke on me to be the Prince of Wales,
Entiste thereto by prophecies and tales.
And for to set us hereon more agog,
A prophet came (a vengeance take them all)
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
Whom Merlin doth a mold-warpe ever call,
Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall
By a wolfe, a dragon, and a lion strong,
Which should divide his kingdome them among;
This crafty dreamer made us three such beasts,
To think we weare the foresaid beasts indeed;
And for that cause our badges and our crests
Wee searched out, which scarcely well agreed:
Howbeit the herolds, apt at such a need,
Drew down such issue from old ancestors,
As prov'd these ensignes to be surely ours."

Page 46, line 6. Foundation.] "Huge foundation," ed. 1598.

Page 46, line 19. And the.] "Oft the," printed eds.

Page 54, line 12. Bruseing.] Altered to "brused" in MS.

Page 58, line 8. Right.] "Tithe," printed eds.

Page 58, line 20. Filthie doulas.] The MS. is here somewhat obscurely written. It may be, "filthie doulers."

Page 59, line 15. Prin.] An error in the MS.

Page 63, line 10. Not I.] Mr. Knight, following the folio, reads "not I his mind." The repetition of the two last words is unnecessary, and is probably omitted here with good authority.

Page 64, line 17. Heire.] This word occurs under various forms, and much nonsense has been written on it. Mr. Knight would read *air* in the sense of *appearance*; an absurdity which would have been avoided by any knowledge of the early English language, although *air* may certainly be considered the correct form, as we have seen *ayre* in the sense of *quality* or *condition*. The latter word is here the right explanation. The term is not uncommon in early writers.

A studie thay fonden swyth fayre,

And a stude of good *eeir*.

Seven Sages, ed. Wright, p. 5.

Page 64, line 35. Care.] "Dare," printed eds.

Page 68, line 9. Side.] "Hedge," printed eds.

Page 72, line 8. Huskie.] A mistake for *buskie*.

Page 73, line 2. Protest.] "Do protest," ed. 1623.

Page 75, line 12. Take take.] Sic in MS.

Page 94, line 1. Dost not knowe me.] Omitted in ed. 1623.

Page 111, line 3. Comes.] "Come," printed eds.

EARLY EDITIONS.

1. The History of Henrie the Fovrth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. At London, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell, 1598. sm. 4to.

This is the first part. It was republished in quarto in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622, 1632, and 1639. The edition of 1613 was reprinted by Steevens, and collated with those of 1599, 1632, and 1639. The first edition is of extreme rarity.

2. The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600. sm. 4to.

Some copies of this edition contain two leaves less than others. It has been reprinted by Steevens, and is the only impression of this play previous to the folio of 1623.

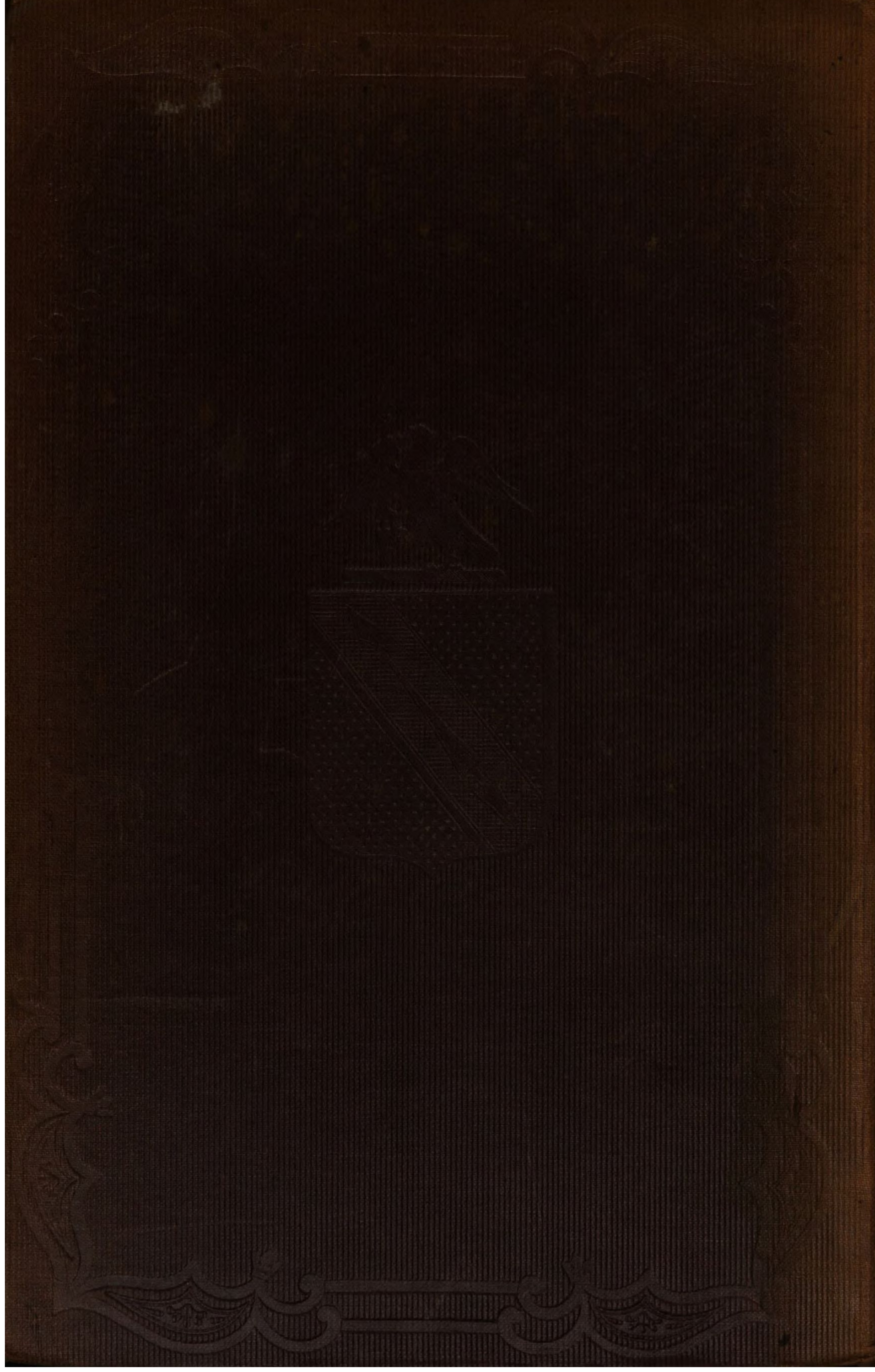
FAMILY EDITIONS.

1. The History of Henry the Fourth: with the battle of Shrewsbury.
between the King and Lord Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
Henry of the North. With the humorous comments of Sir John
Latham. The London Edition by T. B. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in
Fleet-Street, and at the sign of the Angel, 1598. 4to.

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